

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

THE LIGUORIAN

November

1943

THE NEW RED PARTY LINE

ON TRAVELING THE OCEAN

COFFEE CULTURE

FUNERAL FOR A FISH

ARE YOU AN ESCAPIST?

ON ARMY HOSPITALS

MUSIC FOR CHURCH

LABOR VS. CAPITAL IN WAR

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AMONGST OURSELVES

The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, which is now an active sideline of THE LIGUORIAN itself, is doing a notable volume of business. Like THE LIGUORIAN, it is a non-profit venture, whose aim is to make as easily available as possible low-priced pamphlets in a wide variety of fields. It is in charge of Joseph A. Brunner, C.Ss.R., the business manager of THE LIGUORIAN, and has handled tens of thousands of pamphlets in a little more than a year. Some of its features are listed on the inside rear cover of this issue of THE LIGUORIAN.

Several new ventures, on the part of The Pamphlet Office, are in the making. As the second in the League of St. Gerard Series, a new pamphlet entitled "On Life-Prevention" appears this month. It gives an analysis of the morality of contraception, a study of the reasons why people practice it, and the reasons for promoting devotion to St. Gerard Majella as the Mothers' Saint. A new edition of the world famous Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary of St. Alphonsus Liguori is in process of

preparation. A collection of the Thoughts for the Shut-in that have appeared in THE LIGUORIAN will also be printed soon. A complete list of the pamphlets on hand and in preparation may be obtained by writing to The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

The 1944 Catholic Art Calendar is now ready. As usual, it possesses all the features Catholics ask for in a calendar for the home: artistic pictures in color, ready information about feasts and fasts, saints and celebrations through the year, and an outline of Catholic doctrine and practice. Its outer cover this year is a reproduction of the now famous masterpiece "The Smiling Christ." LIGUORIAN readers are asked to write for their calendars as early as possible, so that they will be assured of obtaining them.

1944 CATHOLIC ART CALENDAR

30 Cents Each—4 for \$1.00

Order from The Liguorian

The Liguorian

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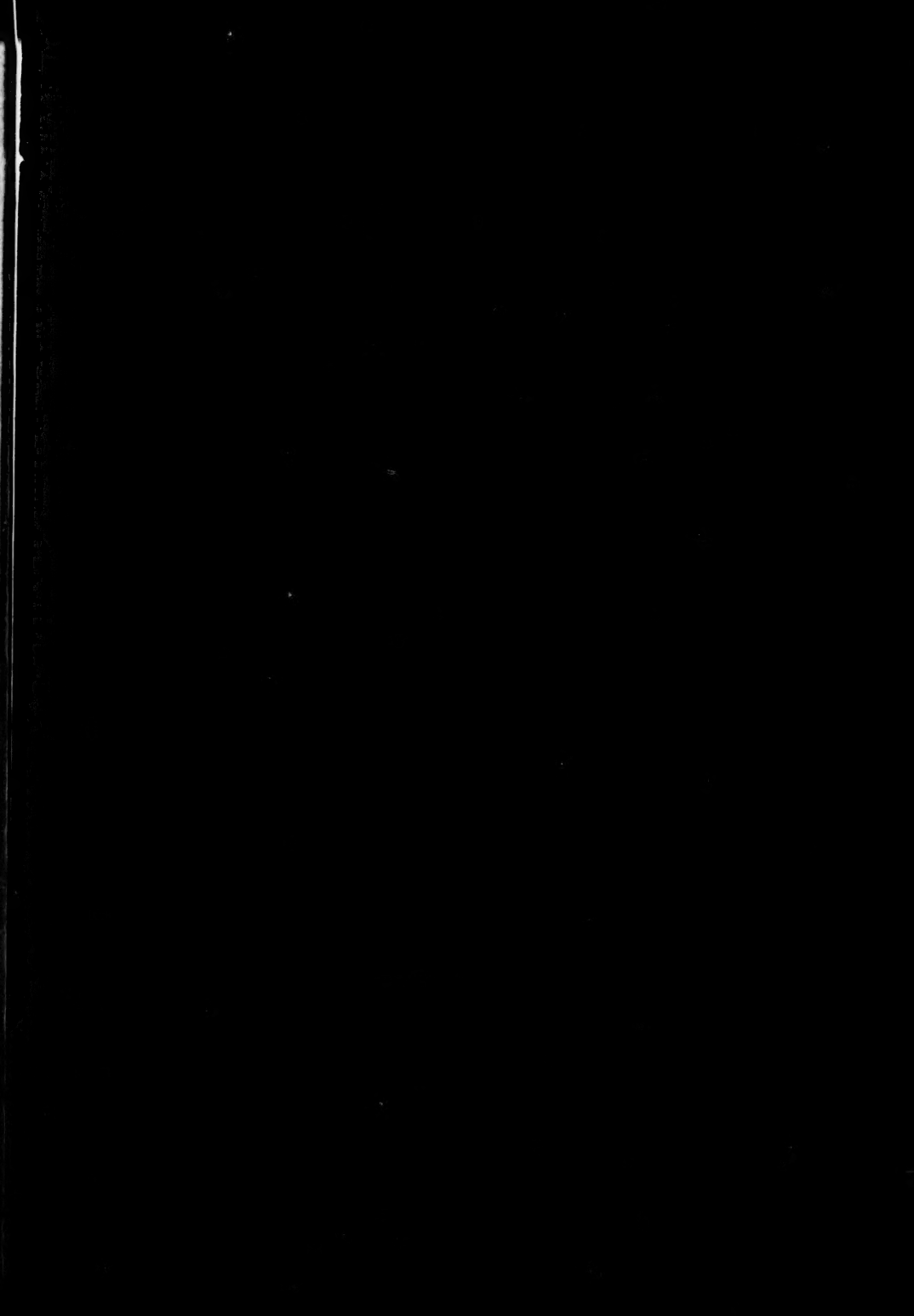
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*According to the Spirit of St.
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PILOT'S PRAYER

Because with metal wings I mount the sky
And over all the earth's dominions fly,
Because I share the stars' unhampered space
And boldly gaze into the sun's full face,—
I pray, Lord God, that humbly I shall ride,
Nor look down on my fellow man with pride.

Because it is my heartless task to go
And loose a screaming death on men below,
Because I must be callous, swift and sure,
My mission of destruction to endure,
I pray, O Christ, that I shall not grow cruel,
Nor seek with vengeance or with hate to rule.

Because with my own death I heedless play
And each day know that it may be "my day"—
Because I know this fear that I may fall
In every bursting shell and danger call,—
I pray, O God, if this my end must be
That I shall fly still higher: unto Thee.

—D. F. Miller.

THE NEW RED PARTY LINE

Here are inside facts on what the Communists are planning to do in the near future to promote their cause in America. Take note and stand guard. You might easily be sucked in.

D. F. MILLER

IT IS safe to say that one of the most difficult problems facing the American people at the present time is that of discovering the machinations of the Communists in their midst and that of dealing with them in an effective way. The problem is intensified by two things. First of all, the ordinary citizen has a hard time making a sound judgment about Communistic influence, because there are a goodly number of vociferous propagandists in the United States who confuse the issue by dubbing as Communistic every form of social and legislative action that in any way tries to change the capitalistic and monopolistic domination of the American economy that has obtained for many years. Thus the National Association of Manufacturers, perhaps the most powerful and wealthy pressure group in the country, uses the Communistic label for support of free unions, for the desire to raise living standards among working people, for every reasonable effort to shave down enormous salaries and fabulous fortunes for the sake of a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the land. They have an axe to grind, and have long since found that there is no stone like the accusation of Communism for giving that axe a keen edge.

Secondly, the issue is confused by the fact that there are many citizens of the United States who are working for the Communists without intending to, without realizing how perfectly they are playing into red hands. Many such persons would be indignant if you were to accuse them of a desire to overthrow the government or of Communistic leanings. They sincerely and honestly disavow all such aims; yet the things they do and say are the finest support the actual Communists could desire.

In the face of these difficulties it is well, perhaps, to analyze the most recently adopted methods of the Communists in the United States to attain their ends; then to point out certain types of citizens who, without intending or knowing it, are promoting the work of the reds;

and lastly, to show how it is possible for Americans to set the stage for a triumph of Communism, not so much by positive words and actions, as by selfish neglect of any effort to correct the abuses on which Communists built their destructive empire.

The New Party Line

From several sources we learn that in council assembled, the real Communists have determined upon a new policy for the immediate future. Perhaps it should not be called new; in reality it has been a part of their plan ever since their platform was made. It is new only in the sense that it means a concentrated effort to remove one of the barriers to the triumph of Communism, while the Communists lie back and scarcely reveal themselves in the plan at all. The new policy is to bend every effort *to destroy the influence of the Catholic clergy by creating mistrust, rebellion, and hatred toward hierarchy and priests in the hearts of the common people.* For the time being, the effort to enroll new members in the Communist party will be small; propaganda issued under the Communistic name will be held in the background; few new Communistic organizations will appear. But an all-out effort will be made to discredit the authority and influence of the Catholic clergy, because as long as these remain, they constitute a barrier to the winning of new supporters of the cause. And conversely, once the Catholic clergy is shorn of its power, little will be required to bring the newly made anti-clericals into the fold of Communism.

Nothing could be more important for the welfare of the country than for every Catholic and Christian to recognize in advance, that this is to be the outstanding effort of Communists in the near future. It is also important to know in advance what definite means have been decided upon as most effective for creating mistrust of the Catholic clergy. Note, as they are presented here, that they are seemingly far removed from any direct relationship to the issue of Communism. Communism is to be left out of it: nothing will be sought but the fostering of rebellion against the representatives of the Catholic Church.

The first means will be the appearance, on public platforms and in magazines and periodicals, of ex-Catholics, and preferably ex-Catholic priests, revealing inside stories of moral weakness, intellectual stupidity, and social unawareness, on the part of the Catholic clergy. The names of these anti-clerical spokesmen will have a definitely Catholic flavor; they will be unmistakably Irish or Italian or Polish, because such

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names represent in themselves a Catholic background. Old ex-priest and ex-nun legends will be polished up and reintroduced to the public. Ignorant Catholics, disgruntled Catholics, already prejudiced non-Catholics will be taken in; only those who know what is behind the new wave of anti-Catholic revelations, and who are close enough to the clergy to recognize the falsity of the universal charges, will escape becoming dupes of the new Communistic technique.

The second means of discrediting the Catholic clergy will be that of capitalizing on the opposition that the unruly passions of individuals have already set up against certain elements of unchangeable Catholic teaching. It is well-known, for example, that many so-called Catholics have already rebelled against their Church's upholding of the natural law against birth-prevention. The Communists will use that fact for all it is worth. They will try to induce Catholics to believe that Catholic priests have selfish reasons for preaching against birth-prevention; that they have no concern or sympathy for the hardships of their people; that they are tyrannically usurping authority over something that is the private business of married people. Again, they will be sowing a fertile field. Ignorant Catholics, hypocritical Catholics, already rebellious Catholics, will find in this Communistic propaganda a soothing support for their rebellion against the Church, and will become more rebellious still.

Directly related to this, will be the accusation that the Catholic clergy attacks other rights and liberties of individuals. Much will be heard about the "unwarranted" interference with liberty on the part of the Legion of Decency which condemns certain movies; and on the part of the campaign against indecent literature. The old issue of child-labor will be dragged out again, and it will be pointed out that many prominent Catholics opposed the limitation of child-labor, though it will not be mentioned that the opposition was not universal on the part of Catholics, and that which did exist was based on a fear that the proposed amendment would destroy inalienable rights and liberties. Catholic insistence on religious education will be waved like a red flag, and will be interpreted as an attempt to destroy the public school system and as a downright injustice to Catholic people. All these things are "in the cards"; while this is being written, plans are being made by Communists to flood the country with all these various charges.

The third means of nullifying the influence of the Catholic clergy

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will be that of identifying hierarchy and priests with Fascism, anti-Semitism and isolationism. The standard argument that the Catholic Church in the United States is pro-Fascist (you will see much of it) will of course be the fact that many priests and bishops were pro-Franco during and after the Spanish Civil War. The lie will be repeated over and over again that the Loyalist government against which Franco rebelled was the result of a free election of the people. The dishonest charge will be made that if anybody opposed the rule of Communists in Spain, he must have believed in Fascism for Spain and wanted Fascism for America. This is a lie, but you will hear it often enough to be strongly inclined to believe it. A few isolated expressions of Catholic priests with a doubtful anti-Semitic tinge will be paraded as the voice of the Church, and it will not be added that the Pope has condemned anti-Semitism for all priests and all Catholics everywhere. Pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists from among the clergy will be dragged out and made to stand testimony to pro-Nazi sentiments on the part of the Church as a whole. All this is definitely planned; we may say, in the words of Scripture, when it comes to pass, "remember that we told you."

The fourth means of destroying the leadership of the Catholic clergy will be that of playing up the "luxurious living" enjoyed by Catholic bishops and priests, while they neglect the poor and neglect or oppose any effort to better the lot of the workingman. The ancient party line was to do this in regard to capitalists; now it will be directed against the Catholic clergy. No notice will be taken of the thousands of priests who live and work in real poverty and detachment; no credit will be given to the hundreds of priests who have dedicated their lives to "the reconstruction of the social order." But you will hear fancy descriptions of fine rectories and expensive churches, with immediate reference to "starving people" living within their shadow. And because priests who are busy from morning to night baptizing, instructing, caring for the sick, etc., are not out making speeches in behalf of labor nor bearding capitalists in their dens, they will be represented as unconcerned about the social conditions of their time. Watch for it; the "rich" clergy are about to be pilloried again.

The Unconscious Fellow-Travelers

Since this is the plan of the Communists, it can readily be seen how

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much support it will receive from many who would forthrightly renounce any allegiance to Communism itself. The diabolic cleverness of the plan is evident here: that it will not need a great number of paid propagandists because so many will join in of their own accord. Here will be some of its supporters:

Good, pious Protestants, who, having been brought up to suspect and hate Catholics, will pick up every new anti-Catholic charge and legend and pass it on, not knowing that they are doing the Communists' work for them.

Weak-souled Catholics, who, having already rebelled against the Church in secret by practicing contraception, or openly by refusing to send their children to a Catholic school, will eagerly drink in the Communist-inspired arguments supporting their rebellion, and pass them around among their friends.

Popular magazines, whose editors cannot resist a well-done piece of propaganda that has a widespread appeal, and who will delightedly publish defenses of birth-control because the people like that sort of thing. Thus respectable magazines like *The Ladies Home Journal* and *The Readers Digest* have already been taken in. How the "Commies" must gloat over these successes.

Disgruntled Catholics, who have had tiffs with individual priests, and who welcome with open arms any friend, even disguised Communists, who will help them show up all priests as politically, socially or morally unsound.

Die-hard rugged individualists, who resent the fact that priests talk about business ethics and living wages, etc., and who will be glad to promote the view that they live in luxury themselves.

These and many other groups who profess no love for Communism, will be doing the work of Communists as they assail the Catholic clergy.

Foundation-Builders for Communism

While it is important to recognize the tactics of the Communists, and to forswear any support for them, it is equally important to realize that every true American has the obligation of helping to remove the causes on which Communism thrives. It may be said with absolute truth, that if the program of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI for social justice could be put into effect tomorrow, the last iota of force in any argument for a Communistic state would be utterly destroyed. It is the

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fact that there are economic abuses and injustices in the country that creates a hearing for the Communists.

Therefore the correction of these abuses is an indispensable condition for thwarting the ambitions of the red schemers. Their planned attack against the Catholic clergy is really a tribute to the power of bishops and priests to make Communism impossible. They know that the Catholic Church, and therefore every loyal priest, stands for free collective bargaining, for living family wages, for individual private ownership, for decent working conditions, for freedom on the part of all men to work out their destiny as human beings, for cooperation between capital and labor, for a modified system of profit making in which exceptional genius and labor will be rewarded but in which no man will be reduced to living conditions that are unworthy of man. The Communists know that if this program goes through, their ambitions are ended. That is why they must get the Catholic clergy out of the way.

This places a great responsibility first on the Catholic clergy. No priest would suggest that there are no evils or imperfections among Catholic priests. The important thing is for every priest to realize that, despite the fact that the clergy as a whole stands for human rights, justice, democracy, morality and peace among men, the faults of individual priests will be made, by the Communists, an argument for not heeding the clergy at all.

It also places a responsibility on lay-Catholics. They know that the faults or shortcomings or even the sins of an individual priest in no way reflect on the things for which the priesthood stands nor on the record of fidelity to them established by the vast majority of priests. Every priest has to stand the same judgment as the layman; every priest can save or lose his own soul. But if lay people support or spread anti-clericalism at the hidden instigation of Communists, they are laying the foundations of Communism as surely as the Church is the greatest champion of true democracy in the world today.

And above all, this places a grave responsibility on businessmen who have in their hearts any honest fear of Communistic terror. It is their task to learn and to try to put into practice the program of the Catholic Church. If they insist on perpetuating the old order of dog-eat-dog, of rugged individualism and continuous opposition to the betterment of living conditions among the laboring classes, if they insist on an economic system that continues an unfair and unjust distribution of

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the world's goods, they are laying the foundations of Communism even though they condemn it by every means in their power. And alas, there are too many who are doing just that in the United States today!

Newspaper Literature

A list of "musts" in the way news stories are only too often told has been compiled by an enterprising southern editor, containing set forms of saying things which recur with staggering frequency. Here are some of the "musts":

All kisses must be rapt.
All stairs must be rickety.
All speed must be alarming.
All sobs must be heartrending.
All gentlemen must be elderly.
All heat must be intense.
All adventures must be hair-raising.
All tension must be electric.
All men when they die must leave a host of friends.
All wives must be attractive.
All parties must be enjoyed by one and all.
All parents must be proud.
All brides must be blushing.
All approvals by crowds must be roared.
All patients must be rushed to hospitals.
All thuds must be dull and sickening.
All speeches must be stirring.

Substitute

A certain man used to say loudly that he had no time for prayer. His wife tried in vain to have him accompany her to church on Sunday morning. "Go to church, my dear, instead of me, and pray instead of me, too." Nothing that the poor woman said was of any avail; so she went alone to Mass and prayed for her husband. But what was her surprise one Sunday morning when her husband accompanied her to church without even being asked to do so; and continued to do so on succeeding Sundays with great faithfulness. After a while she ventured to ask him what had happened to change him. "Well," said her husband, "I had a dream the other night. It seemed to me that we both died and knocked at the gate of heaven. St. Peter came to the door, looked at you very kindly, and said: 'You may come in, my dear daughter. You may come in for yourself, and you may also come in instead of your husband.'"—*Bishop Toth.*

ON SARCASM

L. M. MERRILL

The weak point in the character of many people is manifested by their ready and frequent use of sarcasm, either as a last-ditch argument in discussion, or as an excoriating criticism of another's conduct, or sometimes only as an attempt at humor at someone else's expense. Readiness with sarcasm reveals two things: 1) pride, because it looks down upon others as if from a great height, esteeming them unworthy of an honest hearing or equal discussion; 2) unkindness, because the sarcastic tongue is like a lash, which hardly ever uncoils without stinging.

This is not to deny that there is a use of sarcasm that is without either taint mentioned above. In good-humored banter between equals who know and understand one another, sarcasm lends a flavor to repartee; in writing about the general foibles and follies of human nature, sarcasm becomes satire and provides a form of literary enjoyment. But serious or half-serious sarcasm, whether on the part of a superior toward subjects, or subject toward superior, or equal to equal, is almost always a mark of smallness and meanness. Proud, intolerant, inconsiderate people are the small and mean people of the world.

Here are a few questions at random in which you might recognize your own weakness if you are addicted to sarcasm:

1. Do I use sarcasm on those who are subject to me, considering it a means to correct their faults or to make them more cooperative?
2. In an argument do I fall back on a sarcastic remark about my opponent when I am apparently not winning my point?
3. Do I make sarcastic remarks to others who refuse, either deliberately or unconsciously, to take my advice?
4. Do I quickly show displeasure over the conduct of others by sarcasm?
5. Do I sometimes single out individuals for sarcastic comment, which makes people laugh, but makes the one singled out cringe?
6. Do I answer criticism of myself with biting sarcasm?

It is well worth while to examine oneself for evidence of this weakness. If unchecked it fosters and increases pride and cruelty, and does lasting hurt to many people.

FUNERAL FOR A FISH

Introducing Mrs. Sylvia Sichs, poet, dreamer, literateur, club-woman, whose adventures and projects are being revealed to the world for the first time.

C. H. WHISTLER

"**M**Y LITTLE Dimple is no more. I found him this afternoon lying on the placid water without a ripple in his golden body. . . ." Mrs. Sylvia Sichs was making a rapid entry in her journal, the first since that evening at the Rio Bamba in early Spring. She was writing in her pale violet ink, making thin tendril-like curlicues of script along the page.

Dimple, by way of introduction, was a fish; a pet goldfish that Sylvia had tended with self-effacing, if inexpert, care. For exactly nine hundred and seven mornings, she had tripped down the stairway and greeted it with baby-talk on the way to breakfast. She doted in her heart at the coy way it pursed its golden mouth as though trying to bid her "Good Morning," as though trying to express its admiration of her dressing gown. Twice each day she had changed the water in its frosted bowl. And because she had read it in an exotic magazine, she always added to the tepid water a tablespoon of pale Chateau Yquem.

"I believe I am responsible for Dimple's demise," continued Sylvia in her violet ink. She remembered how that morning she had heated the water more than usual, for the day was cold as only Christmas can be in New York; and how she had poured it steaming into the fish-bowl. And in lieu of wine she had added 3 generous teaspoons of holiday brandy. At all events Dimple was dead. And Sylvia naïvely confided her self-incriminating suspicions to her diary.

From her frequent literary listenings she recalled a tender lyric recited at the Chatterton Society by Miss Flossie Tetherspool. It was by Thomas Hood . . . and concerned a goldfish drowned in a bowl. (Or was it a goldfish? Perhaps it was a kitten!) Well it was a poignant bit of verse anyhow, and had something to do with a bowl of goldfish.

Thereupon Sylvia decided to pen an elegy for her departed Dimple. She would write the first draft tomorrow morning bright and early. She even hit upon an opening couplet. Somehow it had come to her in a flash,

as naturally as her maiden name: a sure token of genuine poetic inspiration.

"Ah golden ghost of Dimple, go to sleep

This afternoon, thou quit'st this crystal keep. . . ."

She rolled the words round and round in her mouth like a piece of peppermint. "Threnody for Dimple" . . . she would call it. Already she envisioned herself reciting it at the next Toffey-cluck of the Chatterton Society, with the little guava tarts on the table, and the tea-cups steaming, and Miss Tetherspool and the others listening with enraptured concentration. She would be famous because of this poem for Dimple. Hereafter when she went abroad, people would nudge each other and reverently whisper: "That's Mrs. Sylvia Sichs, the author of the Dimple sequence." It would probably appear on a double page of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then there would be a brief biography with her hobbies and philosophy. Perhaps the *Saturday Review of Literature* might even mention her, noting how Mrs. Sichs has wrought a monument more lasting than bronze for her favorite goldfish. "Ah, dear little Dimple!" sighed Sylvia. "A goldfish more lasting than bronze. . . ." The phrase quite fascinated her. It subtly thrilled her with a vague intimation of immortality.

Sylvia scribbled on, her fancy growing bolder with each new stroke of the pen. "Many great poets began their major works in middle age. Perhaps this is a crisis in my whole career. Perhaps I am destined to be a second Elizabeth Browning, or a Sappho or an Edna St. Vincent Millay." For a moment she considered her hand as it held the pen with a detached regard. She looked at the lines she had written so far in her violet ink. She continued writing. "What a pity I have not been faithful to my daily writings! I owe it to Posterity. In after years people will wonder how I reacted to this hey-dey world about me: the people I met at Macy's; the things I saw on Forty Second Street. I cannot let them down. Yesterday The Brooklyn Bridge reminded me of a little tomboy skipping jump-rope. I must put that into a sonnet!" She dipped daintily into the inkwell, and struck out on a new train of thought.

"What shall I do with Dimple? I shall have him solemnly consumed on a fragrant pyre of spices and cedar-wood, like Hector the gallant horseman of Homer, and the other great heroes of the Greeks." But then the classic turn of her project gave way before the more prosaic

parallel between such a funeral pyre and a pan of sputtering mackerel! What would her neighbors think, if they discovered she was frying goldfish . . . and her whole apartment smelling like Friday in a Brooklyn boarding-house! She scotched the idea with a firm violet stroke of her pen.

"Tomorrow I shall go down to Tiffany's and have a miniature casket made to Dimple's proportions. It will be fashioned of glass with little silver handles. The salesman will be thunder-struck at so original an idea. The papers will be informed; and soon reporters will be badgering Herman, the butler, for more details. It will be a sensation every bit as big as the Osprey case! The casket made, I shall line it with white periwinkles, and fill it with Chateau Lafite 1865; and Dimple shall be embalmed like a Pharaoh in the best red wine of France.

"Then, of course, there is the matter of final disposal. I suppose, for all the crystal casket and the wine and periwinkles, I could not very well keep Dimple on the cocktail-bar. The guests might think it too macabre. The Board of Health might even make a scene! Interment will be a polite necessity. But where?"

SYLVIA frowned in a fine frenzy of conjecture. Rapidly she tinkled down a list of places like strings on a harp: Central Park, Bowling Green, Riverside Drive (Grant was entombed there), Westchester, the chromium spire of the Chrysler building, the Holland Tunnel, . . . and then the Aquarium.

"That is the fitting place . . . the aquarium. I shall write to the Mayor tomorrow. The remains can be neatly interred under a lozenge of porphyry in the pavement . . . with a small replica of Dimple intaglioed in solid gold. I shall discreetly observe to His Honor that if Boston can have a codfish in its decorous State-house, surely a buried gold-fish will not be out of place in the New York Aquarium. Expense shall be immaterial. Let it be my personal gift to the City . . . 'the gift of Mrs. Sylvia Sichs.' The Mayor can hardly refuse so esthetic an offer!

"But what if he should? Then I shall purchase a plot of ground of my own choice, in some remote and romantic spot . . . somewhere in the tropics, and bury there my little Dimple. It shall be a Cemetery for Goldfish, the only such place in the world. (Where did I ever get so beautiful an idea? I am really surprising myself this evening!) A final

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resting-place for those little gleaming creatures that bring such solace and beauty to our empty days! All the important people will send their goldfish hither to be interred: Dorothy Lamour, and Mrs. Roosevelt, Magda Lupescu, Ethel Barrymore, the Van Loons and the Shahs of Persia and General Eisenh ower. (I shall draw the line at Hirohito.) And there will be monuments . . . and my own Dimple's tomb will be in the center . . . under a round pool full of water lilies . . . with a large goldfish carved in pink marble spouting clear spring water into the pool. I shall have Norman bel Geddes draw up the design. It will become a national showplace . . . like Williamsburg and the Grand Canyon. And there will be shrubs in blossom the whole year round: oleander, hibiscus, arbutus and bougainvillea. It will be located in New Orleans or Monterey or Honolulu . . . where summer reigns forever. Sylvia Sichs, where did you get so unique an idea?"

SYLVIA called up a picture of Honolulu with the palms and the blue skies, and the blue-green waters of the Pacific, and the warm breezes blowing inland from the sea. A thrill of genius spilled over her as the next idea rose gleaming in her mind.

"And why not an under-water cemetery! What more appropriate place to inter a fish than under the foaming smiling ocean. Somewhere with sands a glittering white, where the water is transparent and calm as cellophane: Hawaii perhaps, or some sheltered cove along the Gulf of Mexico, or even Puerto Rico, that romantic island in the Carribbean.

"I shall purchase some secluded kay off Florida . . . or a palm-lined cove along the Puerto Rican coast . . . where the sea-floor can be seen like a Tiffany window. That shall be the site of the Dimple Goldfish Cemetery. Of course it will take time to construct . . . but a thing of beauty is worth waiting for. Everything will be under-water. Monuments of coral; pink and saffron conches, and sea-shells of every size and color, all arranged in beautiful patterns. And there will be strange marine plants and blossoms. Perhaps we can have appropriate mosaics made of broken sea-shells . . . of Jonah and the great whale and St. Francis preaching to the fishes; and the twelve immortal fishermen with their haul and tackle. And in the center of this beautiful design there will be the tomb of Dimple . . . like Anabelle Lee . . . 'in a tomb by the sounding sea.' On every little tomb there will be an epitaph in Greek . . . telling the winsome details of the goldfish that is gone.

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And on sunny days people will come in glass-bottomed boats to visit this marine cemetery . . . The Sylvia Sichts Marine Ichthytorium."

Sylvia closed the journal, and walked over to the fish-bowl on the cocktail bar. She was about to light a pair of bright green candles when she noticed that Dimple had disappeared.

Herman, the butler, had thrown him out with the garbage.

The Marks of Truth

* The more we compare the Catholic Church with the other religions, her rivals, even where she most resembles them, shall we see in her a something that marks her off from them. The others are like vague attempts at a forgotten tune; she is like the tune itself which is recognized the moment it is heard, and which has been so near to us all the time, though so immeasurably far away from us. The Catholic Church is the only dogmatic religion that has seen what dogmatism really implies and what will in the long run be demanded of it, and she contains in herself all appliances for meeting those demands. * She alone has seen if there is to be an infallible voice in the world, this voice must be a living one, as capable of speaking now as ever it was in the past, and that as the world's capabilities for knowledge grow, the teacher must be always able to unfold to it a fuller teaching. The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably thus adapt herself to the wants of the present day, without virtually ceasing to be herself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same and yet always developing.

—William Mallock.

Keeping it Secret

* Catholics are the world's worst salesmen. . . . I would have been a Catholic long ago had I known what I was missing. I could have been sold easily. So can thousands of non-Catholics. The main trouble is that many Catholics haven't the enterprise of even a dealer in second-hand cars. Catholics have the greatest product on earth. . . . It answers all perplexities, gives strength for all needs, makes life worth living, and is a means of a happy eternity. . . . We have exactly what the world needs. Yet we make little effort to bring our blessing to others.—A convert writing in the *Witness*. *

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Problem: How much does a wife have to suffer from a brutal husband before the Church will permit her to seek a divorce? My husband has given up the practice of his religion; he does his best to interfere with my own duties to God; he allows me and the children barely enough money to subsist on, and he makes our home as unhappy and miserable as he can. My friends and relatives tell me I have every right to seek a divorce and separate maintenance for myself and the children.

Solution: This is not a question for anyone to answer from a distance, and after being told only as much as you mention in your complaint. The first thing to remember is that a Catholic must have permission from the local bishop to seek a divorce. The ordinary way to obtain this is to talk the matter over freely with your local pastor, accept his advice, and allow him to decide whether a divorce is the only solution. In the case that it is, he will obtain the necessary permission of the bishop for you to proceed.

You may be certain that the Church does not demand the impossible of a Catholic husband or wife, strict as she is on the sacredness of the marriage bond. When living together becomes intolerable by reason of cruelty, serious neglect to provide proper support, insanity, grave spiritual harm or like reasons, then the bishop can permit separation and, for the sake of necessary civil rights, a civil divorce. With such a permission, of course, is never given the right to attempt another marriage.

The permission of the bishop (to be applied for through the pastor) is necessary because otherwise weak human nature would find all kinds of inadequate reasons for seeking escape from the normal burdens of marriage. It is possible that your own case is not as one-sided as you make it appear. Perhaps you yourself are responsible for many of the things complained of in your husband; perhaps he could present as long a bill of complaints against you as you have against him. Therefore your safest course is to obey the command of the Church and take your case to your own pastor. He will not permit you to suffer unreasonably.

ON TRAVELING THE OCEAN

For inland dwellers, to whom the ocean is a vast mystery, and a ship something that you see pictures of and read poetry about.

E. F. MILLER

ONCE upon a time there was discussed in these pages the highly complex art of travelling on a train. Coaches, Pullmans and club cars were thrown upon for a brief moment, examined thoroughly and fumigated with the cleansing smoke of words. It was found that travelling on a train is both fun and not fun, restful yet tiresome, interesting yet boring. The conclusions drawn were that a sleeper in an upper berth must be an acrobat while a loiterer in the lounge car must be a cosmopolite and a man of affairs.

But trains run only on the land (except those anomalous trains that hie themselves upon a ferry boat and are pushed by means of an underwater propeller to their proper destination), and therefore concern only such people as wish to go from place to place within the confines of their own fatherland. If an individual wishes to visit a hamlet in another country, he must of necessity (generally) take a ship. The word ship is used advisedly. A ship is a large structure, capable of carrying passengers or freight, or both, and resting on the water without touching the bottom. Some people are inclined to believe that ships do rest on the bottom when the ship or ships on which they stand is or are in port. They remain so firm, so unshakable, so mighty and towering that the illusion is created of concrete foundations sunk deep into native rock like the New York subways.

A boat on the other hand is a small contrivance used for various salutary and recreational purposes, which also floats on the water without touching the bottom. Such water vehicles as are rowed with oars are conceded to be boats; also, such life-saving instruments as hang on the side of ships to be lowered onto the waves for the convenience of passengers when the ship is in danger of taking up its residence on the bottom. Even ships wear out and spring leaks. Even ships like men give up the ghost and settle down to watery graves. Then it is that well-supplied boats come in most handy.

Travel on a boat is not included in this discussion, for even the

most imaginative will have to admit that there isn't much to it beyond back-breaking work. Only the very young and frequenters of moving pictures can discover glamor in a row boat; and only an ardent reader of *Field and Stream* will so punish himself as to rent one for riding purposes. The outboard motor (a recent invention) gives lines to the boat that it did not have before. Yet, these lines pale away into a blur alongside the massive beauty of the ship.

AS WAS said supra, a distant journey over rushing seas cannot be accomplished except by means of the ship. Some few adventurous souls take wings, metaphorically speaking, and fly over the rushing seas. But their number is negligible; thus they can be passed over in silence. The ship is still Queen of the Seas; and that statement holds whether the ship be freighter or passenger.

Let us say that you are about to make a trip. All your affairs have been put in order, your picture taken, your farewells spoken, your journey to the dock in a taxicab of the past. You stare up at the home that shall be yours for the next week or two in awe and excitement. The size of the vessel startles you out of words, and that, even though it is only a freighter. You have chartered a cabin on a banana boat, that is, bananas one way, and all kinds of other things the other way. The other things are being loaded on while you watch. Huge derricks lower their cables onto the docks where they are fastened to boxes — or anything that seems at hand, and then these items are hoisted on high and dropped into yawning mouths on the deck of the ship. It is fascinating, just like the almost human shuffling about of a steam-shovel. And you have difficulty pulling yourself away. The unconventionality of your gaping on a strange dock is the only prod that pushes you up the gang-plank and onto the ship itself. A porter assists you.

You are in now for your first surprise. All the cabins with portholes were sold before you applied for passage. The result is that you are given a room right below the waterline. To get to this room, you are led down the steepest staircase that you ever saw. It is just short of a ladder, the only difference being, a ladder has sticks of wood for steps while the staircase has flat iron slabs which fool you into thinking that you can walk down airily or gracefully like Katherine Hepburn, or as you used to walk down your own staircase at home. It is a deception. How you got down, after reaching the bottom, you do not know. What

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you do know is that there was very little grace in the descent.

In due course of time the anchor is pulled up, or rather, the ropes that hold the ship to the dock are loosed, and the great vessel (with the aid of a small tugboat) backs out of the river and into the bay that mouths the sea. You are on your way.

MANY stories have been written in the course of the ages about the inhabitants of the deep. Fish are supposed to be jumping out of the ocean in legion; whales and sharks are supposed to be lumbering or slithering around at all times. Even strange and mysterious monsters, such as have never been caught on a line, are supposed to make their appearance when one or two are looking. You are filled with expectations; and so you haunt the deck. Day after day passes — and all you see are a few flying fishes about the size of a minnow. On one occasion you see the tail of a shark, but as soon as you turn your eyes on him for a better look, he disappears.

But your journey is not entirely fruitless. You learn a great deal of marine terminology, such as is used in the Navy and kindred organizations. Thus, you never talk about going upstairs, when you mean upstairs. You say, "I'm going topside." The same holds for the activity of going downstairs. You say, "I'm going below." If father at home told mother that he was going below to fix the furnace, she would most likely follow him to find out whether or not he had something below besides the furnace, which he had previously tapped. On shipboard, however, such talk is perfectly in order. An opening to "below," furthermore, is known as a hatch, and so you hear yourself saying to an acquaintance you picked up on the ship, "I'll meet you at No. 3 hatch," by which words you mean that you will meet him at a certain door in a certain part of the ship. You also learn that "portside" is the left side of the vessel, and you keep this in mind by association with the idea of left-handed pitchers. The sports writers, fortunately, made it a habit to call a left-hander a port sider. Now you know whence came the title. The right side of the ship is known as "starboard." Front is "fore" and rear is "aft." "I'm going aft," you say. It sounds nautical.

Your time is spent on the ship in three ways: eating, sleeping, and sitting on the deck. That is absolutely all. And so six or eight or ten days pass. Finally you arrive at your destination, and you are glad. Now you will have something to talk about the rest of your life. You crossed the ocean.

***** Three Minute Instruction *****

ON OBSTACLES TO VALID MARRIAGE

Uninstructed Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, sometimes resent the questioning that is done by the priest to whom they come for the purpose of getting married. Such persons do not realize that the priest has the obligation of making sure that their marriage will be a valid one, and that this requires a certain amount of questioning. There are three ways in which a marriage might prove to be invalid if the priest did not go into the matter thoroughly beforehand.

1. *From the presence of a diriment impediment.* A diriment impediment is one which, either from the law of nature or the law of God, renders a couple incapable of contracting a valid marriage. Examples are: 1) lack of required age on the part of one of the persons; 2) the fact that one of the persons has a living spouse from a former valid marriage; 3) blood relationship within the 3rd degree, or relationship by marriage within the 2nd degree, or spiritual relationship (between baptized persons and their sponsors); 4) the crime of adultery with a promise of marriage, or with moral or physical cooperation in causing the death of a spouse; 5) the fact that one of the persons has never been baptized.

2. *From incapacity for or lack of true consent.* True consent might be absent because 1) one of the parties is in error as to the essential nature and purpose of marriage, or as to the meaning of the marriage contract; 2) one of the parties is being forced into the marriage by grave threats and fears; 3) one of the parties is lacking in sufficient sanity to enter into a valid marriage contract.

3. *From lack of the proper form for entering a valid marriage.* A Catholic, whether marrying a Catholic or a non-Catholic, can be validly married only before a priest with the proper jurisdiction and two witnesses. Thus for a Catholic, marriage before a judge or a minister or a justice would simply be no marriage at all.

From this simple outline it can be perceived that the priest has grave responsibilities when a couple comes to him asking to be married. All good Catholics recognize that responsibility and are ready to answer the proper questions and provide the necessary information that will make it clear that the marriage is to be valid.

COFFEE CULTURE

It is difficult for the modern American even to imagine a world without coffee. But the world was without it not so very long ago.

W. J. LOCKMAN

UNCLE SAM blew reveille and American boys answered the call to colors, and so did many other things. Tires rolled into the armed service, automobiles sped into tanks, foods once destined for the shelves of the corner grocer ended up in the quartermaster stores. Coffee, however, was not drafted into the war, but became one of its early casualties. For a time the greatest war-time hardship of many Americans was the limitation of their coffee supply. Now that the submarine menace has been pushed back from the Americans' Atlantic shoreline, coffee supplies have been brought back to normal. But the temporary shortage served to bring out the romantic character of this common beverage.

It is difficult to unearth the early history of coffee. The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of the stuff, even at the acme of their glory. The use of coffee was first introduced into Persia about the ninth century; from there it entered Arabia. Once the beverage achieved popularity in Arabia, it poured into Egypt, Syria, and Turkey. In all these countries coffee was first looked at askance, as something to be avoided by good and sane people.

In Egypt, its use was prohibited on the score of its being an intoxicant and so came under the class of foods forbidden by the Koran of the Mohammedans. This might seem a bit foolish to people nowadays, but when something new is afoot suspicion is usually attached to it. And coffee was new—and different. However, prohibition of coffee had the same effect as the curtailment of any such thing would have. If it was to be prohibited, then by all means it must be had. So its use became widespread just because it was said to be bad. Turkish women advocated the use of coffee with a Susan B. Anthony spirit.

In Constantinople in 1554 it was first sold publicly in the "schools of the learned," as the coffee-houses were then called. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, is said to have been the first English writer

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who took notice of coffee. "The Turks," he said, "have a drink called coffee (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter, which they sip up as warm as they can suffer, because they find by experience that that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and procureth alacrity."

As the Turks were on the warpath at this time, coffee followed the Ottoman armies right into the homes of Vienna. Soon all Western Europe was drinking creamed coffee; the Turks drank theirs black — and thick. With coffee rising in popularity, the English decided they too should have their coffee-houses. London's first such house was opened by a Greek servant of a Turkish merchant in the year 1552. A year or so before, the first one in all England was opened at Oxford by a Jewish gentleman named Jacob. It was in these places that politicians aired their views, literary "greats," such as Ben Johnson, put figures of speech into every day parlance, and ordinary men gathered for a chat. Although a rather expensive luxury item, it was popular in London and Paris, especially in the seventeenth century.

COFFEE is not a bush, nor a truck garden vegetable. It is a small tree or shrub which, if left to its own resources and powers, would reach thirty feet in height. It is not, however, allowed to grow wild. Rather, it is treated and dieted as scrupulously as a modern baby. In its infant stages it is placed in a nursery, given about six months to learn how to stand on its own feet, and then is ready to be placed outside to fight the elements and to grow. The caretakers are fastidious about planting it in the right altitude, which is about half a mile above sea level, where the trees produce bigger and better berries.

Once the trees are planted they must be looked after diligently. They must be kept within a moderate height, six feet or so; must be well cultivated, in general well cared for. Once they begin to bear fruit, generally within three years' time, they must be practically coddled. Little streams of water are conducted to the roots of the trees, which are kept almost saturated until the fruit is nearly ripe. The water is then turned off to keep the fruit from becoming too soft or fleshy. The fruit of the coffee tree has several names, but is most commonly called a bean.

If a stranger went out among the trees during the fruit bearing season, his first impression might be that he was in a cherry orchard. The fruit is about the size of a cherry or an over-sized cranberry. It

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grows in clusters, somewhat resembling small clusters of grapes. Each berry contains two seeds, embedded in an outer layer of pulpy skin. These seeds are the real coffee beans and are that part of the berry which is prepared for market — the same seeds you sometimes see being ground at your corner grocery store.

Ripe berries are hand picked or shaken onto cloths spread on the ground under the trees. The pulp is removed by machinery. After a short process of fermentation the beans are dried in the sun, sent to the shippers and finally to the roasters.

The roasting process is a delicate procedure, somewhat similar to baking a downy cake, and about as exacting. Fifty years ago it was not unusual for the housewife to buy green coffee and roast it on her own stove. Now most of the roasting is done by commercial coffee roasters.

Coffees, like fine wines and tobaccos, differ in taste, body and aroma. The differences are due principally to the roasting or picking. The taste will differ if the seeds are roasted to a reddish brown or to a dark red, or almost purple. With a touch of patience and a bit of simple mathematics it can be seen that there are fundamentally twelve possible grades of coffee. Each tree has three different grades; add at least two different roasting processes, and already you have six grades. Among coffee beans themselves, however, there are two distinct grades: the perfect bean, which is flat on one side, and the completely round bean. Multiply all the previous gradings by these two and you come out with twelve.

There is also another kind of classification. In this the coffee is graded for commercial purposes. This particular method of grading is based on the number of impurities found in a sample of a lot to be shipped. A few of these impurities are earth clods, twigs, broken beans, and shells. The official classification in most coffee raising countries provides for seven types. These types in no way affect the intrinsic value of the coffee, for the highest type might be actually of inferior drinking quality as compared with a lower type. Buying good coffee is obviously no amateur's task.

AS FOR raising and producing coffee, there are several countries that share the honors. The better known are Brazil, Ceylon, Java, Puerto Rico, and Cuba. Although it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that coffee was introduced into Brazil, since that time she has taken the lead in the race for high production. Brazil

cannot claim too high an average in regard to quality. Her coffee is popular, but the better grades of blending coffee come from Ceylon, Cuba, and a few other smaller countries.

Brazil leads in quantity, producing two-thirds of all the world's coffee. Her plantations are extensive, containing more than two and a half billion trees; they have their own equipment for preparing the coffee for market; they have their own railways; they even grow all other food crops for their laborers, who number close to five millions. With these plantations and millions of workers she can naturally produce more than the smaller countries with their modest facilities. Coffee represents more than fifty per cent of her total exports.

In Brazil the city of Sao Paulo is the coffee capitol. It is not a seaport, not even on a large water-way, yet it is a city of world trade. It holds its trade by stretching forth fingers of railroads and highways to the coast. The life and breath of its inhabitants is their coffee. Some buy, some sell, some ship, some grow — but it is always coffee. The very city is identified by its smells of coffee.

Among the various types of employment coffee provides, one of the most important is that of the coffee-tester. It is his responsibility to see that the proper classification or grading is given to the coffee. Sample coffees are roasted, ground, and brewed in the testing room. Bowls are then placed around a circular rotating table, where the tester takes a large spoonful from each of the bowls, sips it with a vigorous inhalation of air to atomize it against his palate, then expels it into a tall brass cuspidor conveniently placed between his knees. A checker stands at his side. The sign of definite rejection is a click on the bowl with his spoon. Given that sign the sample number is recorded and the lot is refused, should the other testers hold the same opinion. Otherwise it is graded according to its merits and might very well end up on your breakfast table.

In the coffee business as in other trades there is a certain amount of underhand work that can be practiced. Probably few articles of food are subjected to so much adulteration as coffee. Many substitutes are palmed off as genuine coffee or are mixed with real coffee. Such foods as parsnips, carrots, certain cereals, beans, and many other things can be and are often mixed with coffee. Attempts are even made to manufacture artificial beans. These so closely resemble the real thing that they can be sold as such with little fear of detection by the inexperienced consumer.

THAT coffee is a stimulating drink is a well-established fact. It quickens the pulse, causes the feeling of fatigue almost to vanish, and supports the strength of the body under muscular strain. Students, reporters, and firemen often drink coffee at night to stay awake. Explorers in the Arctic regions drink it for its warming properties, while those in a tropical setting drink it because it cools the body during the warm hours of the day. It is an exhilarating drink and tends to invigorate rather than enervate. On being asked to express his opinion on the advantages or harmful effects of coffee, Professor Samuel C. Prescott, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the United States, said: "Coffee, when properly prepared, has a remarkable stimulating effect. It relieves fatigue, through the action of the caffeine, which acts on the central nervous system. Caffeine is a mild stimulant of the heart, increases strength for muscular work and develops the power of concentration for mental activities and, while eliminating the sensation of fatigue, is an efficacious help for prolonged mental work."

The stimulating effect of coffee may be the reason why the United States is the largest consumer of coffee in the world, using seventy per cent of the world's supply. America is a nation of coffee-bibbers, being equalled only by the Scandinavian countries. The average amount annually consumed in the United States is eleven pounds per person. Great Britain is not nearly so indulgent in this stimulant, using only a pound or so per person. The English used to drink more heavily of coffee, but because of the adulterations practiced rather extensively in the latter part of the nineteenth century its use gradually diminished. She still has her tea, you know.

The principal coffee markets of the United States are New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. There the coffee is bought on the spot, or transactions are made and contracts drawn up for future delivery.

COFFEE has its international aspects too. It is so important to Brazil and other countries that export it, and so important to those who have learned to imbibe it, that State departments are known to have been involved in problems created by the ups and downs of the market in their respective countries. It is certain, however, that coffee will always be grown, and always drunk, despite the fact that controversies continually rage as to whether it is helpful or harmful, and

whether it promotes or prevents sleep. Indeed, it is safe to say that so long as competitive advertising comes over the radio, one of the keenest competitions will be among the growers, importers, roasters and sellers of various brands of coffee.

— Wealth on the Waves —

* Around the end of the nineteenth century, so the story goes, the British barque *Antiope* was sailing from Newcastle, Australia, to San Francisco. On the voyage, in latitude twenty degrees south, a great quantity of grease was seen floating on the surface of the ocean. A calm prevailed at the time, and the sailors drew up many bucketfuls. With this grease they anointed the masts, their sea boots and oilskins. They regarded their find as ordinary grease and wasted it as such. As a matter of fact the "grease" was ambergris, and the waste was of material worth something like \$20,000. Ambergris is a product of the sick sperm whale used extensively as a base in the manufacture of perfume. Inferior qualities bring eight dollars an ounce; the best is rated at something like fifty dollars an ounce. Good ambergris is worth more than twice its weight in gold. *



— The Cost of the New World —

* The account books of the Pinzon Brothers, the lieutenant commanders of Christopher Columbus in his trip across the uncharted seas to the West, reveal the following remarkable facts. Columbus in his capacity of commander received the munificent sum of 1500 pesetas, or about \$300 a year, while his two captains received 900 pesetas a year. The members of the crews are said to have received 50 reals a month, which would amount to about \$2.50 in current cash. The cost of the food was fixed at six pesetas a month for each man, which is to say about \$1.50 for the month, and four to five cents a day. The cannon of all three ships cost about 14,000 pesetas, or not very much more than it will cost to fire a single charge from one of the big cannon on the latest dreadnoughts. From August, 1492, to March, 1493, the duration of the first expedition, Columbus is said to have given to his pilots and sailors according to these old account books, 22,000 pesetas as their pay. The expedition appears to have cost altogether about 36,000 pesetas, or a little over \$7,000 in the money of today. *

ARE YOU AN ESCAPIST?

If you sometimes wonder why you are restless and uneasy much of the time, why you have grown disgusted with your daily chores, maybe you will find the answers here.

D. F. MILLER

AMONG the popular modern psychological terms is that of *escapism*. It is used in many different ways, according to the more or less fixed notions of the various psychologists who apply it to others. Sometimes it is erroneously applied to a love of innocent amusement, as if nobody could possibly want to relax and have a good time now and then without unconsciously trying to "escape" something. It is used by book reviewers who have a flair for psychology, and frequently their warped judgment calls any literature "escapist" that does not wallow in the vulgar or obscene realities of human life. It is used by the Freudian brand of psychiatrist, who thinks that all human conduct can be explained by the influence of sex, and who therefore insults many a sane and normal person by telling him that some worry he experiences is merely an effort to "escape" some problem of sex.

Yet like all good things that can be abused, there is a correct meaning to "escapism"—one that offers a good point of self-examination for most people. Properly defined, escapism is a state in which an individual has cultivated the bad habit of seeking out some artificial, unreal and harmful means of forgetting and neglecting the responsibilities of daily life. The escapist has grown tired of the humdrum monotony of daily duties, or has met a problem which he could solve by patience and industry, but which he does not want to solve. Therefore he escapes all thought of duty or problem by finding access into an unreal world.

I

ONE of the commonest forms of escapism today is that in which a man or woman has come to find artificial escape from realities in the frequent and intemperate use of alcoholic liquor. In sober moments, such persons are weighed down with the thought of how unsuccessful their lives have been, or with the fact that their home life has become barren and unhappy, or with unrealizable desires for wealth or pleasure. But they have found by experience that as soon as they

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begin to indulge in alcoholic liquor, the clouds depart, the worries disappear, restlessness gives place to a sense of well-being, and the world appears a good place in which to live once more.

Of course these results of drink are purely artificial, and more than that, they progressively intensify all the difficulties drink addicts have to face in real life. Not having the courage to face that obvious truth, they let themselves go. During the day, they look forward to an evening spent in drinking — and forgetting. Gradually, they begin to seek relief during the day as well. They will take a drink to feel better when the weather depresses their spirits. They will turn to drink as an escape when any particular problem or difficulty arises. In company with others they feel that they must drink, otherwise they could not possibly show the least sign of companionship or joy. Before long, they are either habitual drunkards, or at least physical and moral wrecks because they can do nothing without the false stimulus of alcohol.

The development into a confirmed alcoholic is, of course, a gradual process, and there are many who can save themselves by taking thought and vigorous action in the early stages. The danger sign is when you have come to feel the frequent desire for alcohol as a need. If you look forward to it as something you must have at certain times, if morning, noon or night you are strongly inclined to "quiet your nerves" or "relieve pressure" or "bolster up your courage" or "forget an unpleasantness" through the medium of liquor — then one of the worst forms of escapism is beginning to be your master. It is high time, then, to give up alcohol entirely, and to determine that you are going to face and conquer the problems of daily life with the unclouded intellect and free will God gave you. It is high time then to substitute religious principles and spiritual means, helps that have not the least taint of escapism, for the spurious strength you were growing accustomed to find in drink.

II

A SECOND form of escapism is that in which a person runs away from the so-called drabness of everyday life by feeding the imagination a constant diet of ultra-romantic, super-sensual and passion-stirring reading matter. This is the escapism that is more common among women than among men, though it is found among the latter too.

There are innumerable magazines and books published as media of escape for selfish, pampered, undisciplined and irresponsible types of

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women. All the periodicals and novels that fall into the class of *True Love Story Magazine* and *True Confessions* are such. They are made up on the principle that in ordinary lives romance is shortlived, monogamy becomes monotonous, and unruly passions long for new and exotic experiences. Capitalizing on these facts, such magazines offer the imaginations of weak-souled women especially, a rich variety of vicarious thrills. There is no need, these publications seem to say, to let your love life become dull or dead; there is no need to be tied down forever to the duties and responsibilities of home life: here is escape; here are stories of passion that you can live through by the power of your imagination; here is life as it cannot be, but as you would like it to be.

The addict of the super-romantic magazines is a sorry figure indeed. She cannot be a good mother, because the repeated indulgence in the vicarious thrills of the uninhibited characters of the story books dulls the mind to true values in life and makes the will incapable of bending itself even to noble tasks. She can hardly be a faithful wife, because her imagination has been taught to rove so frequently in forbidden fields. She is restless, dissatisfied and hard to please, and is only happy when she escapes her problems by further poisonous reading.

For one who does not relish this charge of escapism, there is only one remedy: that of leaving the cheap magazines and novels alone and buckling down to a daily life inspired by facing realities and accepting duty as outlined by God. There are many innocent and inspiring forms of recreation and amusement that can be put in the place of the vicious and dangerous ones that must be given up.

III

A THIRD form of escapism is that of the motion picture addict. By a true addict is meant one whose life would suddenly become empty and barren if he could not sit through three or four or more movies every week. It is sad to relate that there are many such addicts in the world today and that a large number of them are children.

The movies foster escapism because they are essentially false pictures of what real life usually is. In the movies, all women under fifty are beautiful or made to look beautiful. By far the majority of homes displayed are vast and luxurious palaces. Most of the love stories, though they do not run smooth, nevertheless display techniques and fashions of lovemaking that are beyond the opportunities or capabilities of 999 out

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of 1000 ordinary men and women. Most of the clothes worn are the latest fashions — even when the characters are placed in a setting that is called poor. The unlovely and humdrum sides of daily life are not shown, except in rare instances, and even then they are made to appear not so unlovely.

One who indulges in the vision and imagination of these portrayals of human life for eight, ten or twelve hours every week is almost surely an escapist from something or other. Ordinary life seems cruel or harsh or drab or meaningless. But it can be borne, says the movie addict, if only we can project ourselves into the artificial movie-world enough of the time. And when children are permitted by foolish parents unconsciously to build up their lives on that kind of escapism, they are almost certain to turn out as weak and spineless adult men and women.

Conclusion

THERE is not, in all this, the slightest intention to characterize as evil, things that are indifferent and that may at times be good. Alcohol is not an evil in itself: to take a drink now and then does not signify that one is seeking escape from the realities of life; it becomes harmful only when one has let himself become dependent upon it in any way. Reading the cheap, frothy magazines can be without grave or disastrous consequences (although we recommend it to no one); to one who is mature and self-possessed such magazines are examples of unconscious humor just because they are, on the one hand so serious, and on the other so unreal. The harm comes to those who accept them as substitutes for reality, or material for dreams. And lastly, the movies can provide enjoyable and harmless recreation for those who recognize their inadequacy to portray real life, and who indulge them with moderation. Let none of these things make you dependent on them for happiness, and you will never become an escapist.

Honest Advertising

The following advertisement appeared in the *Atlanta Journal* recently, paid for by a distressed newspaperman: "Wanted: An early-bird motorist, milkman or vegetable vendor: Newspaperman needs daily ride to Atlanta. If you pass Peachtree, Battle Avenue and Northside Drive between 6:30 and 7 a.m., appreciate you phone. If milkman, prefer you be through with deliveries. Will not help sell vegetables en route. Small pay and no chance for advancement. No reference and very surly at such an hour."

ON ARMY HOSPITALS

A glimpse into one of the most interesting sections of an army camp, where the best doctors and nurses are currently found.

L. G. MILLER

THERE are many kinds of hospitals in the world, but it may safely be said that the military camp hospital falls into none of the ordinary categories. Within its rambling corridors and halls may be found a most interesting cross section of humanity, ranging from the commanding officer himself to the lowest ranking private on the patients' roster.

Army hospitals are run, of course, according to strict military discipline, and doctors who grow old in the army are likely to become as deeply imbued with the army way as any graduate of West Point or V.M.I.

An old medico who happened to be in charge of medical affairs in one military installation we have in mind was a standing example of what is meant. In the course of the years this fine old man had risen to the rank of Colonel, and he held sway over his little kingdom with all the flourishes and fanfare appropriate to his rank. Woe to the poor enlisted men—or officer, for that matter—who dared to call him “doctor” instead of “colonel.” The old gentleman would draw himself up, lower his bushy eyebrows, and wither the offender with a single glance. If the needle or the lancet was wielded with an extra degree of sharpness in the treatment which followed, the patient could only endure it as best he could and accept the lesson which was implied.

This old colonel, who was very well read, and could quote the Scriptures and the Greek classics impartially and at will, was accustomed to walk about the area of his domain with a smart cane and a huge black dog. The dog followed him about wherever he went, even to the lecture platform itself, for the doctor not infrequently lectured to groups of enlisted men and officers on matters more or less closely connected with his field. The name of the dog was Satan, and his shaggy appearance and size were not calculated to put one at normal ease. During the course of a lecture Satan would pace solemnly around the platform, sometimes looking up admiringly into the lecturer's face, and again

looking hungrily out at the audience as if restrained only with difficulty from making a meal off some hapless listener's leg.

Occasionally the old doctor would jokingly point his finger at someone in the front row of his listeners, and frown as if displeased with something the individual had done. Whereupon Satan would invariably growl menacingly and bare his teeth. No one ever laughed very heartily at this and similar jests in which the old doctor indulged. There were indeed many elements of the ludicrous in the whole situation, but any desire to laugh was generally swallowed up by a well-imbedded fear of the Colonel and of his dog in about equal parts.

ONE of the strange features of a camp hospital arises from the fact that the majority of the patients are in a constant state of circulation and movement. This situation, of course, is inevitable, since most of the hospital inmates are young men whose ailments do not rest too heavily or too long upon their shoulders. Nevertheless, it is something of a shock to the casual observer accustomed to the ways of civilian hospitals.

In every camp hospital there are two centers of interest: the Post Exchange and the Red Cross Recreation hall, and both of these during their open hours will always have a full complement of men. Among these ambulatory patients will be found a number of enlisted men awaiting their discharge from the army because they have been found physically unfit to bear the strain of such a strenuous life. Among them also will be found men who have been laid up for weeks and perhaps months with broken bones or sore backs, but who manage to hobble around with the help of crutches and canes.

They will sit around for hours in their regulation maroon bathrobes kidding the nurses, playing poker with matches (the camp hospital exercises a rigid control over gambling in any shape or form), arguing over the merits of the Dodgers, or indulging in the great joy and privilege of army men: griping about the drawbacks and discomforts of Army discipline.

The food served to the men in the camp hospital is very good and wholesome as a general rule, and on occasion may even be quite fancy. About half an hour before meals (or what is called "chow time") a noticeable stir can be observed in the hospital wards. It should be explained that in a camp hospital everyone who can walk, crawl or creep

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is expected to take his meals in a central mess hall. Those patients, of course, who are in any way seriously ill receive their meals in bed; but nearly all prefer to be up and about if the doctor decides that activity will not hurt them.

Long before the time scheduled for meals approaches, the patients may be seen drifting towards the door of their ward. Meals are the one activity which remain stable in their lives and to which they can look forward during the day, and at the appointed hours they may be seen walking or limping towards the appointed place with the gleam which the thought of food generally brings to the eye of youth.

There are, of course, besides the active patients, a certain number of bedridden victims of some more serious ailment or injury. These suffer patiently or impatiently according to their disposition and character. It may be stated, however, that, generally speaking, the patients have the greatest confidence in the army medical staff. They may complain from time to time of some real or imagined inconsideration, but they know that the treatment they receive from the great majority of army doctors is thorough and skillful to a remarkable degree.

Besides the staff doctors, the nurses, and the patients, every camp hospital has a number of enlisted men organized into a unit called the Medical Detachment. It is the function of these men to act as clerks, doctors' assistants, and ward attendants, and generally there will be found an assortment of individuals in their ranks, some of them highly skilled in their work, others skilled only in the mechanics of the broom and the mop. Sometimes their proximity to suffering in its various forms causes their minds to travel down rather strange tunnels of thought. Let the following conversation be submitted as a sample of what is meant.

I happened to be visiting the psychopathic ward, and the man who stood at the door questioned me somewhat as follows:

"Sir, what is your opinion of the Nietzsche superman theory?"

Taken somewhat aback, I looked at him in surprise before answering that my opinion of it in general was not very high.

"But don't you think," went on my questioner, looking very earnest, "that he was right in his estimate of the disadvantages of existence as compared with non-existence?"

"Are you a disciple of Nietzsche?"

"Oh, yes," said Sam, for that was his name, and he was not an inmate

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of the psychopathic ward, as you may have concluded, but merely an enlisted man serving as attendant. "Oh, yes," said Sam, "I have read Nietzsche and I have also read Kant. I find them quite stimulating."

"And do you understand what you read?"

"Oh, not all of it, of course. There are a few things that I can't quite grasp. But it's all quite beautiful."

"Are you a Catholic, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, Father. At least, I used to be. I never really gave it up. Of course, I don't get to Church much any more. But I'm a Catholic all right."

THE work of a priest in a camp hospital is various and manifold. It takes in endless discussions on the order of that recorded above. Service men, when they are confined for a long time with not much to occupy their hands, generally begin to search for something to occupy their minds, and sometimes their thought processes take on strange twists and uncommon turns. The priest going through the wards finds something new at every step; it does not take him long either to learn the blessings that can flow from sickness. It is the considered opinion of many army chaplains that the most fruitful corner of his field is to be found in the hospital.

One thing is certain: In the hospital, reception of the Sacraments and attendance at Mass on Sunday is almost 100 per cent on the part of those who can push or propel themselves to the place where Mass is being said. They attend Mass attentively and eagerly, and when it is finished they eagerly take whatever supplies of Catholic reading matter, rosaries, medals, etc., the priest may have brought with him to the place.

The assertion is sometimes made that most Catholics are afraid to let their faith be seen by the world. This may be true of certain classes and sections of Catholics. It is not true of the average Catholic service man. If he is given a medal, he will gladly wear it around his neck for all to see, and the larger and more conspicuous it is, the better he likes it. His rosary, while he is in the hospital, will be placed openly on the table beside his bed, or attached even more openly to the bed itself. When he says his rosary, he does not care who sees him, and his fellow patients do not for the most part think of scoffing. They may look puzzled, but along with their puzzlement there is more than a little admiration.

In the odds and ends of this rambling report there are many details

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which could and should have been developed in justice to a complete picture of a camp hospital. Thus the self-sacrificing heroism of the army nurses, unnoticed, and yet very real, deserves a whole volume in itself. We could have spoken of the daily distribution of the mail, and how the sick service man's day is brightened by a letter from home. One glance at the way in which such letters are literally devoured would be enough to prove that.

But enough has been said to show that a camp hospital is an interesting place, where life is made as near normal as possible for the men in the service who fall victim to any of the ills of which the creature man is susceptible. If your son or your brother is in a camp hospital, don't worry too much about him, write him cheerful letters and write him often, and pray that soon the inevitable discomforts of his position may be removed by a genuine and lasting peace.

Opinions on the Bible

Dickens thought that the most pathetic story in all literature was that of the Prodigal Son as related by Christ.

Coleridge gave it as his opinion that the richest passage in literature was that contained in the first part of the Sermon on the Mount, in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

Webster declared that the Sermon on the Mount was the greatest legal document ever produced.

General MacArthur had read the Bible through six times before leaving West Point.



Epitaph Department

John Palfryman, which lieth here
Was aged twenty-four year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Also his father when he dies.

— *Grantham Churchyard.*

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

ON HUMILITY IN ILLNESS

One of the more obvious purposes of illness, in the designs of God, is to afford an almost inescapable incentive to humility. Pride so easily results from self-sufficiency and self-reliance, from the ability to do as one pleases, that God in His mercy sends illness to check and destroy it. In illness, one realizes that he is not entirely independent and self-sufficient; that there is a Power above him in whose hands he lies, that a man is a fool who thinks to govern his own life as if its progress and circumstances were always within his own choice and decision.

It is so important to be free from pride that even the most distressing illness is hardly too great a price to pay for such liberation. Pride has a thousand forms, and every one of them is hateful to God. At its worst, it is the refusal to be subject to God in any way. In its least vicious forms, it means forgetfulness of God, too great a concentration on self, too little remembrance that in all his ways and all his days he is subject to God's will.

In illness, both the worst and the least forms of pride should give way to profound humility. Humility is the consciousness of dependence on God: the remembrance that God, who made each human being, has a right to govern all human beings according to His wisdom, not theirs; the joyous recognition of the truth that, while man can lay claim to no absolute rights in the face of God, he can be positively certain that God, in His goodness and mercy and power and love, will permit nothing to happen that can be designated as cruel or unjust or even imprudent and unwise.

Humility is so important that it is worth approaching the very chasm of death to attain it. That person is happy indeed who attains it at the first approach of illness, during the first light strokes of pain that are permitted by God.

MUSIC FOR CHURCH

"Among the cares of the pastoral office" Pope Pius X named the providing of the right kind of church music as mandatory. Perhaps you will be surprised at how strict he made the law.

F. A. BRUNNER

M. CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, a music critic who was in Rome in the fall of 1903 to be invested as a Papal Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, was admitted to audience with the saintly pontiff, Pius X. The conversation turned to the need for a general reform of church music. "Well," said the Pope, "what will you have? An encyclical? a *motu proprio*?" And answering his own question, the Holy Father twinkled, "In six weeks you shall have it."

That was just two months after his coronation as the successor to the scholarly Leo XIII. Giuseppe Sarto, seated on the throne of Peter, still thought in terms of the parish priest of Tombola who taught his congregation to sing planesong, still thought in terms of the purpled cathedral canon of Treviso who in 1882 attended the Gregorian Congress at Arezzo to plead for the restoration of the ancient melodies. Memory recalled the active Bishop of Mantua who saw to the beautification of his cathedral ceremonies by banishing all unsuited music, the bishop who personally organized a sanctuary choir of clerics and who himself copied out the priceless pieces he taught the choir to sing. Memory reviewed, too, his stern action at the diocesan synod he held in 1888 — the first synod in Mantua in 239 years — when he outlined special regulations on church music and demanded their enforcement, pronouncing an *ipso facto* suspension on all priests having in their churches choir books not approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It was not so many years since, as Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, he had instated Don Lorenzo Perosi as choirmaster in the basilica of St. Mark's, the first step in the reorganization of music in that see. Now Perosi was in Rome, maestro of the Sistine chapel choir.

"In six weeks," he said, "you shall have a *motu proprio*."

And even before the six weeks were up, the promise was fulfilled. On November 22, 1903, the feast of the patroness of music, St. Cecilia, the Pope put his signature to the "*Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music"

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which he himself called "the juridical code of sacred music." It is a composition which manifests that combination of zeal and practicality so eminent in the sainted pontiff — jealous pride in the beauty of the worship of God and the good sense of a man who had handled choirs and choirmasters and knew the run of parish celebrations and cathedral feasts.

"Among the cares of the pastoral office . . . a leading one is without question that of maintaining and promoting the decorum of the House of God in which the august mysteries of religion are celebrated. . . . Nothing should have place, therefore, in the temple calculated to disturb or even merely to diminish the piety and devotion of the faithful, nothing that may give reasonable cause for disgust or scandal, nothing, above all, which directly offends the decorum and sanctity of the sacred functions and is thus unworthy of the House of Prayer and of the Majesty of God.

"We do not touch separately on the abuses in this matter which may arise. Today Our attention is directed to one of the most common of them, one of the most difficult to eradicate, the existence of which is sometimes to be deplored in places where everything else is deserving of the highest praise. . . . Such is the abuse affecting sacred chant and music. And, indeed, whether it is owing to the very nature of this art, fluctuating and variable as it is in itself, or to the succeeding changes in tastes and habits with the course of time, or to the fatal influence exercised on sacred art by profane and theatrical art, or to the pleasures that music directly produces, and that is not always contained within the right limits, or finally to the many prejudices on the matter, so lightly introduced and so tenaciously maintained even among responsible and pious persons, the fact remains that there is a general tendency to deviate from the right rule, prescribed by the end for which art is admitted to the service of public worship. . . .

"We consider it Our first duty, without further delay, to raise Our voice at once in reproof and condemnation of all that is seen to be out of harmony with the right rule above indicated, in the functions of public worship and in the performance of the ecclesiastical offices. Filled as We are with a most ardent desire to see the true Christian spirit flourish. . . . We deem it necessary to provide before aught else for the sanctity and dignity of the temple. . . .

"Hence, in order that no one for the future may be able to plead in excuse that he did not clearly understand his duty and that all vagueness may be eliminated from the interpretation of matters which have already been commanded, We have deemed it expedient to point out briefly the principles regulating sacred music in the functions of public worship, and to gather together in a general survey the principal prescriptions of the Church against the more common abuses in this subject."

Such were the lofty motives by which he was prompted. Pope Pius XI, writing twenty-five years later in his Apostolic Constitution *Divini cultus sanctitatem*, summarized these reasons very cleverly:

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" . . . The chief object of Pope Pius X, in the *Motu Proprio* which he issued twenty five years ago, . . . was to arouse and foster Christian spirit in the faithful, by wisely excluding all that might ill befit the sacredness and majesty of our churches."

Having thus explained his purpose, the Pope develops a detailed *Instruction on Sacred Music*. Judging from the outline and wording of this digest of regulations, one is tempted to think it was at least roughly drafted by the Pope's own hand, for it closely resembles the pastoral letter he had addressed in 1895 to the clergy of Venice.

FIRST the Pope details the character of the music to be employed in church services. Since sacred music forms an integral part of the liturgical service, it must actually participate in the general scope of the liturgy, God's honor and the sanctifying of souls. Like the liturgy, then, it must possess three basic qualities, sanctity, goodness of form, and universality.

"It must be *holy*, and must therefore exclude all that is profane not only in itself but also in the manner in which it is presented by those who execute it.

"It must be *true art*, for otherwise it will be impossible for it to exercise on the minds of those who listen to it that efficacy which the Church aims at obtaining. . . .

"[It must be] *universal* in the sense that while every nation is permitted to admit into its ecclesiastical compositions those special forms which may be said to constitute its native music, still these forms must be subordinated in such a way to the general characteristics of sacred music that nobody of any other nation may receive an impression other than good on hearing them."

The second section of the *Motu Proprio* treats of the different kinds of sacred music. Pope Pius indicates especially the merits of Gregorian chant and of classic polyphony. The three qualities, holiness, artistry and universality are to be found in the highest degree in the Gregorian chant which has been the Church's very own music. In line with the very best thought, the Pope claims for Gregorian chant the distinction: supreme model for sacred music. He goes on to formulate a very important principle or axiom:

"The more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple."

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The Pope then makes two laws:

"The ancient traditional Gregorian chant must, therefore, be largely restored to the function of public worship, and everyone must take for certain that an ecclesiastical function loses nothing of its solemnity when it is accompanied by no other music but this.

"Special efforts are to be made to restore the use of the Gregorian chant by the people, so that the faithful may again take a more active part in the ecclesiastical offices, as was the case in ancient times."

Since the time of classic polyphony, the kind of music written by DesPrès, Lassus, Willaert, Victoria, and above all Palestrina, also possesses to a great degree the necessary qualities of church music.

"Classic polyphony agrees admirably with Gregorian chant, the supreme model of all sacred music, and hence it has been found worthy of a place side by side with Gregorian chant, in the more solemn functions of the church. . . .

"This, too, must therefore be restored largely in ecclesiastical functions. . . ."

But the Pope was not a fussy antiquarian. He was an artist, capable of recognizing beauty and propriety wherever they are found. Since musical composition has made progress through the centuries, it was needful to face the problem of the more modern types of music. The evident moderation and fitness of what His Holiness says in the paragraphs that follow must commend themselves to every earnest reader. The Church, he says, has always favored the cultivation of the arts and admitted to the service of worship all that is good and beautiful, so long as there was no infringement of liturgical law.

"Consequently, modern music is also admitted in the church, since it too furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety and gravity that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions.

"Still, since modern music has risen mainly to serve profane uses, greater care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern style which are admitted in the church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theaters, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces."

In banishing the theatrical from the service, the Pope is merely revoicing what had already been pointedly enjoined in the Council of Trent. In fact, common sense itself would dictate that only what is churchly has a place in church. Some years before, the second and third Plenary Councils of Baltimore had decreed:

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"We admonish all pastors to be vigilant in eliminating whatever abuses in music may have crept into their churches. We strictly command them never to tolerate God's temple's resounding with profane melodies. They must permit in the church only music that is grave, pious and truly ecclesiastical."

Everything savoring of the earth is wholly out of place within the sacred precincts of the temple. There must be nothing bizarre, nothing cheap, nothing awkwardly sentimental during the reenactment of the great sacrifice of Calvary.

All the Roman Pontiffs have upheld and safeguarded the Latin tongue as the venerated coadjutant of the Church's theology and worship. Pope Pius X in his turn forbids the singing of anything whatever in the vernacular during the course of a liturgical function, whether that be an added hymn or a translation of some portion of the Mass or Office. The texts to be used are those prescribed in the various pertinent books and on these texts the music should be based. It is a principle of artistic vocal composition, no matter what the type, that the music should grow out of and enhance the text. The text, therefore, is not to subserve the music in such a way that it is mutilated or shortened.

"The liturgical text must be sung as it is in the books, without alteration or inversion of the words, without undue repetition, without breaking syllables, and always in a manner intelligible to the faithful who listen."

Referring to the lengthiness of some of the prevalent "Masses" and other popular church compositions in vogue at the turn of the century, the Pope remarks very shrewdly:

"In general it must be considered a very grave abuse when the liturgy in ecclesiastical functions is made to appear secondary to and in a manner at the service of the music, for the music is merely a part of the liturgy and its humble handmaid."

The Pope reminds us that women may not be admitted to form a part of the choir, because the choir is a levitical office. Choral singing, he adds, must always hold the principal place; solos may never predominate and instruments (even the organ), if they are used, must merely sustain the singing. There must be no flourish of trumpets, no drums, no cymbals, no pianos in the church.

THESE very full instructions of the Pope end with four recommendations for their easier application: (1) that bishops should institute in their dioceses a special commission to watch over the proper rendering of sacred music; (2) that Gregorian chant and the elements

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of the liturgical laws on music be taught in the seminaries; (3) that *Scholae cantorum* or choir schools be established wherever possible, even in country places; and (4) that higher schools of sacred music be founded and fostered so that well-trained choirmasters and organists will never be wanting.

Pope Pius, being a man of experience and common sense, knew full well, when he extended to the whole world the reform already established by him in Venice, that it would meet with plenty of opposition from prejudice, apathy and conflicting interests. Nevertheless, fully aware of the weightiness of what he had discussed, of its importance in aiding him to restore all things in Christ, the Pope made of his instruction a strict mandate. To these instructions, says the papal document, "as to a juridical code of sacred music, We will with the fullness of Our Apostolic authority, that the force of law be given; and we do, by our present handwriting, impose its scrupulous observance on all." Before adding his signature, as though to avoid all obscurity, the pontiff names those whose special duty it is to carry out the instructions, namely: "choirmasters, singers, members of the clergy, superiors of seminaries, ecclesiastical institutions and religious communities, parish priests, rectors of churches, canons of collegiate churches and cathedrals, and above all, the diocesan Ordinaries." The reason is added: "that the authority of the Church (which herself had repeatedly proposed these rules and now inculcates them) may not fall into contempt." The Pope would appear, therefore, to have legislated for every local church, for every individual in any way concerned with church music.

It is now forty years since these lines were written. Forty years. It is sad to reflect that we must still bemoan the sorry state of music in Catholic churches. What Pope Pius XI said in 1928, the silver jubilee of the *Motu Proprio*, is unfortunately valid even today. "It is to be deplored," his indictment reads, "that these most wise laws in some places have not been fully observed, and therefore their intended results not obtained." And then, undeterred by the negligence of those who failed to fulfill what his predecessor had commanded in 1903, Pope Pius XI reiterated the laws and set upon them his own authoritative seal. "Let no one infringe this Constitution by Us promulgated, nor dare to contravene it."

Forty years. And the saintly Pius X has failed to restore all things in Christ.

LABOR VS. CAPITAL IN WAR PRODUCTION

A few of the significant facts that should be known before judgments are formed as to who is doing the most for the war effort.

P. MCCARTHY

IF Mr. John Q. Public were asked today who he thought was doing more in this war to back up the soldiers at the fronts in Europe and the East, would he favor capital and management or labor? Not so long ago a Gallup Poll revealed that John Q. believes that business would do a better job of running the United States government than labor. The government's chief business at present being prosecution of the war and producing materiel, it is safe to say that public opinion believes that business ownership is doing the lion's share of the work on the home front. The question is one that in itself reveals an unsound situation—a state of conflict that should not exist. As the Popes have reiterated, both capital and labor are necessary for a prosperous economic society in peace as in war, and to ask which could best rule the country is to create a silly and fictitious dilemma. Neither could run the country alone, without running it into the ground. Nevertheless it is stated that capital is doing more than labor to save the country. How does this tally with the facts? Is labor failing to give its best on the production front? Is capital unselfishly and unstintingly giving of its best to further war production? And for a side issue, but a very important side issue, is either labor or capital attempting to make use of the war and the war effort to gain control of public opinion and thereby open the way for future domination of the government?

Here are the answers you could expect to receive if you proposed those questions to the man next to you in the street car. You would hear that American capital and management are going to be the winning factor on our side in this war. Labor could do a whole lot better if it only got wise to the fact that this is *its* war too. The sacrifices capital and management have freely made to speed war production are indications of a magnificent will-to-win—would that labor would show the same! Labor is trying to get all it can out of the war, including future control of the national government, while capital with wholehearted patriotism

is devoting all its time and resources to production for winning the war. Those answers are the ones you could reasonably expect to receive, *yet every one of them is at least in some way false!*

HERE are the real answers, backed up with proof. Take the questions one by one. *Is capital doing the lion's share of the work on the home front?* In other words, is the job the owners and managers of America's warplants are performing more important for our armies in Italy and the South Pacific than the job the workers are doing in the factory, actually producing guns, and planes, and ammunition? You have heard of swing-shift and graveyard-shift welders and riveters, but you have never heard those terms applied to presidents and general managers. It couldn't be because they are not needed, could it? This however is not saying that men like Henry Kaiser and Andrew J. Higgins are not doing better jobs than most. But what are Kaiser and Higgins doing? They are giving their workers — labor — a higher production value. They could wrangle billion dollar appropriations and top priorities; they could make plans and draw up blueprints, but until those appropriations and priorities, those plans and blueprints are turned into cargo ships and PT boats, they have no more value to our fighting machine than the paper they are printed on. And paper won't sink ships, stop bullets or refuel empty gasoline tanks. Moreover the same idea holds all through our production machine — until labor turns raw steel into guns, aluminum and magnesium into airplanes, fats and grease into bombs, capital's plans remain only plans. Unquestionably it is true that it is more important to shoot guns, fly planes, drop bombs than to make them, but with this understood, the role labor is playing in this war can hardly be overestimated. The working men and women of this country form our second line of defense — only the soldiers stand in front of them.

Is labor failing to give its best on the production front? Here is one answer to that question — our Navy alone now has more airplanes at its disposal than all Germany had when Hitler ordered the march into Poland, planes American labor built while supplying our own Army with more than four planes to every one sent to the Navy, not counting the planes sent to our Allies, including England and Russia. American labor turned out approximately 49,000 planes in 1942, producing in just one year $2\frac{1}{2}$ times what Germany produced in over six — in other

words, American labor in one year turned out 15 times as many planes as Germany averaged yearly from 1933 to September, 1939!

But it is possible that the work done is not in proportion to the production achieved, perhaps far below it. Undoubtedly the production efficiency of the worker has been greatly increased. Therefore, it might be argued, these results could have been achieved without special co-operation on the part of labor. Were they? The fact is that early this year when American labor was being berated in high places and low for the high rate of absenteeism supposedly prevailing, actual statistics showed an absentee rate of 8%. This rate was less than half the rate prevailing during World War I, which was 18%. Moreover a great percentage of the absenteeism was due to workers taking an occasional day off one essential job to perform another to which they were previously committed. Farmers had to stay home at times to do the work that had piled up while they were working in the warplants. Last July, Vice-President Wallace said: "97% of labor has cooperated 100% with our Government in the war effort . . . *let that group which can show a more comprehensive effort throw the first stone.*"

But besides absenteeism, there is the matter of the strikes and slowdowns. Just recently longshoremen on the West Coast were plastered with charges of slowing down war work through the machinations of two labor-baiting moguls of the West Coast shipping industry — men who should have known — with consequent headlines and public labor-baiting. Yet later when the Senate Downey Committee had investigated the case, it declared that the longshoremen "are almost universally working to the limit of their capacity." Note that the Committee not only held the charges groundless, but also gave the longshoremen positive commendation for doing very good work. Then as to the strike. While slowdowns have received their share of publicity, the strike charge has been used with special force in building up a national hatred and distrust of labor. Impressive figures have been amassed, new phrases have been coined to show the almost traitorously selfish attitude of labor. "Man-hour" is a well-publicized example of this. You probably have read colossal figures on man-hours lost by strikes. They read like a federal appropriations bill — any figure showing less than seven digits is strictly in a class by itself — and are the result of one of the oldest but best processes for getting big numbers, multiplication. Break them down into actuality, and they lose their shine. One million man-hours

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are the equivalent of three or four days' work in one of our ordinary warplants, of one or two days' work in one of our large warplants.

THAT there have been strikes, slowdowns and cases of absenteeism unpardonable in times of war is as true as our defeat at the Kasserine Pass. But these isolated cases have been doctored and padded until they assumed proportions of a condition prevailing throughout the nation. Small isolated strikes, exaggerated into national calamities, prepared the way for exploitation of the Lewis coal strike as representing the general state of labor. At the height of the furor about the coal strike, James F. Byrnes said: "We have some stoppages of work in industries producing weapons of war. They have justly aroused criticism. But when you condemn the few who strike, do not forget that *the great mass of our workers*, and, with rare exceptions, the leaders of organized labor, *are doing as much as any of us and more than many of us to see that there is no interruption of war production.* Do not forget that *during 1942 only 1/20 of 1% of the time of workers engaged in war work was lost on strikes.* The striker in war industry is almost as rare as the slacker in the Army."

Are capital and management unselfishly and unstintingly giving of their best to further war production? The answer to that question is no! That they are doing a good job, an excellent job, cannot be denied, yet across from that commendation, we must line up two important accusations:

1. Capital and management are passing up easy chances to maintain or increase production levels.
2. Certain parts of capital are sabotaging the war effort by trying to use the war to beat labor back into the pre-Roosevelt subjection, incidentally wasting in the process precious "brain-hours" that should be used for war production rather than on private and unessential problems.

Take No. 2 first. Some industrialists have found it convenient to use labor's no-strike pledge in their battle to smash labor. One eastern warplant owner refused to sign a contract with a union after having been ordered to do so by WLB. Given the alternative of signing the contract or having the government take his plant over, the owner stated he would let the government take the plant over. Montgomery-Ward & Co., called before WLB and confronted with a Board decision,

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refused to consider it final and demanded that President Roosevelt take time out from more important affairs and issue a personal order, which he did. Later called before WLB again, the company drew acrid criticism from the Board's public member, W. L. Morse: "It is the observation of the War Labor Board that in most cases in which employers have opposed arbitration as a last step in the grievance procedure, the facts show an unwillingness on the part of the employer to cooperate wholeheartedly with the union in collective bargaining. The instant case is no exception to that observation." And again: "As long as unions are not free to strike and by means of striking seek to improve their economic force, it is not fair to permit employers to settle grievances any way they choose, and at the same time policy places mutual responsibilities on both management and labor. . . . *It is not a one way policy which only disarms labor of its economic weapons and leaves management free to settle grievances any way it chooses and not to settle them at all if it so chooses.*"

Then there is a story from the much-publicized coal mines. Most miners have to buy the necessities of life from stores operated by the mine owners. OPA investigated and found that "certain coal company store managers" were violating price ceilings. Miners charged that prices were ten to fifty per cent above prices in most industrial areas. In the coal town of Charleston, W. Va., investigation showed that prices on 34 staple foods, including various meats, fruits and vegetables, rose an average of 106.3% during the 27 month period starting January, 1941. Of the 34 foods only two, milk and oranges, registered rises of less than 33½%. Irish potatoes cost 27¢ a peck at the beginning, \$1.08 at the end of the 27 month period, a rise of 300%! Meanwhile miners were told that the "Little Steel" formula had to remain in effect. It is significant that the ceiling violations of the company stores were played down in the news at the very time the miners' strike was being splashed all over front pages.

"American Industry is all-out for victory. It will do everything it can to help bring victory and will oppose anybody who gets in the way." "Industry's Pledge: The Congress of American Industry pledges all the skill and resourcefulness of industrial management to production for victory, to the end that no fighting man or civilian of the United Nations shall lose his life for lack of weapons or supplies." These are statements from WAR PROGRAM OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY,

a publication of the National Association of Manufacturers. The following two instances of chances passed up by "industrial management" — both taken from a single community — to maintain or increase war production are difficult to reconcile with the announced aim and goal "that no fighting man or civilian of the United Nations shall lose his life for lack of weapons or supplies":

1. Chevrolet Gear & Axle in Detroit has five plants in which men formerly supplied the labor. When the company began hiring women, it put them to work in just two of the five plants. The reason given was that priorities could not be obtained for materials to make the necessary changes, including sanitary and safety facilities. Men were transferred from plant to plant and job to job to make room for women in the two plants where the necessary installations had been made. Men lost valuable time learning new jobs. Older men and physically disabled men, shifted to new and heavier, more dangerous jobs were exposed to unnecessary hazards because of the transfers. The death rate among older workers rose. When workers asked that facilities be installed in all five plants so that dislocation could be kept to a minimum and men kept on the jobs they knew, they were told that priorities could not be obtained. The workers investigated and found no record of an attempt to obtain the priorities. The union asked WPB and got priorities for the company without any difficulty. The facilities were installed in all five plants. But meanwhile a work stoppage traceable to this condition had been exploited as a sign of lack of patriotism among the workers.
2. Another Detroit company working on war contracts closed down some of its jobs on Memorial Day, kept others going. The jobs closed down on Memorial Day were under straight contracts, which means that the overtime pay would have come out of the company coffers. The jobs worked on were under "cost-plus" contracts, on which the government had to pay the overtime. On July 4, only one job of the company's was worked on — a "cost-plus" contract.

On the idle jobs those days, on the three plants closed to women workers, might well have hung this sign: Dedicated by industrial management to the purpose that no fighting man or civilian of the United Nations shall lose his life for lack of weapons or supplies.

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Is either labor or capital attempting to make use of the war and the war effort to gain control of public opinion and thereby open the way for future domination of the government? This question and its answer may seem fantastic, but a true story that came to light just a few months ago may serve to show that such things do happen. Two men were called into court on charges of draft evasion. These two men lived within ten miles of the heart of New York City, yet it was clearly established and proved in court that they had no knowledge of the draft laws, that they had no knowledge even that a war was on — living alone and without a radio, they had passed seven years without even looking at a newspaper. You may think that they were queer people, but queer or not, the fact that they knew nothing about World War II doesn't make them so different from the rest of us. There is another war going on right here in the United States. But it is not getting much publicity; you do not see daily reports of the progress on the different fronts. You don't need them either, for the battles are going on right before your eyes.

THIS war is being fought largely with propaganda, and why? Simply because the war will be won when the right state of public opinion is created. Propaganda will stigmatize those who oppose the peace, the future these men want for America. It will glorify the prophets, the fuehrers and duces who are all set to run America after we have destroyed Nazism and Fascism, i.e., the European brands. Propaganda will vilify labor; it will glorify management and capital. It is doing both right now. It will hide the defects of one and parade the defects of the other. Propaganda involves two things, what the public reads and, what is just as important, what the public does not read.

For instance, Randolph Paul, general counsel of the U. S. Treasury, estimated that capital and management have made profits nearing 25 billion dollars since the start of the war program, in spite of renegotiation of contracts and taxes. Did that make news like the coal strike did? Try this little experiment. Write to the National Association of Manufacturers for all the literature it offers free, but be prepared — unless you have plenty of leisure, you won't be able to read more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of it.

Then there is the reactionary Committee for Constitutional Government. Unless you are an editor, a clergyman, a college president or one of its potential supporters, you stand little chance of having heard of

the organization. But if you fall into one of those groups, you are a marked man. You are deluged with mail, dripping with sugar for you, loaded with dynamite for those the committee does not like, including the national government, labor, and just about anything or anybody that will reduce hundred thousand dollar salaries. They tearfully beg you to help save America from Roosevelt and what he stands for, by which they must mean the common man. They tell you that "never has a pressure group had such a gigantic political money bag as it (the CIO) collects." At about the same time this piece of hokum was sent out by the committee, the Auto Workers (CIO's largest union) published a financial statement showing a deficit of \$53,000! The committee happily forgot about the Farm Lobby and the Sugar Trust and other lobbies in Washington which have a habit of getting things done. And where was this wonderful labor pressure group when the Smith-Connally bill was passed over Presidential veto? The committee bemoans the Supreme Court's inadequacy as a bastion of defense for the Constitution—the Court sustained TVA and NLRB, ogres which the committee brands adventures in "Corporate Socialism." Within a recent 90 day period this committee distributed 6,000,000 pieces of propaganda. Its press releases reached one quarter of the newspaper public. 500,000 people received material from it through the mail. One wonders where the committee got the \$150,000 it spent in 1942. If the committee's work is not propaganda on a major scale, what is?

WE ARE far from an appreciation of the vital part labor is playing in our victories. We have been schooled to attribute production to capital and management, whereas labor does the greater part of the work. We have been schooled to attribute strikes whenever they occur to labor's supposed lack of patriotism, even though management may often be the party that is to blame. When you are standing on top of a mountain you see the top first, and then follow the sides down to the base. The base, being so remote, does not look so important. But get away from the mountain, look at it from a distance, and you will see that the top would be nothing without the base. We are looking at production from the top. We see the few men who control it, and perhaps we may look down a little farther and see the department heads. But move away and take the distance look. Then you realize what is the biggest part of our mountain of production. It is spelled L-A-B-O-R!

Side Glances

by The Bystander

The bystander stands by this month, to give place to a letter received from Chaplain E. F. Miller, who is stationed somewhere in Africa. The French phrases reflect, no doubt, the effort to let no occasion escape for practicing the current vernacular:

"Il fait beau today, as only it can be over in this part of the world where the centuries have tempered everything (even the weather) except the passions and the hatreds of men. War is about us and upon us, but the sun continues to shine serenely and the soft waves of the sea to lap the grape-vine-covered hillsides of the country about us. French, Spanish and Italian are the languages spoken; donkey-carts, with very small mountain climbing burros as the horse power, are the means of locomotion; and beautiful young girls, plus handsome men à la pictures of the French Revolution, are the people. The Latin mood predominates, with all its vivacity and all its culture and reserve; and in spite of the garishness and tawdry splendor of many of the churches, and the soup-stains on the soutaines of some of the prêtres, a certain appreciation of the better things of life is evident even amongst the humblest. St. Anthony may be decorated in a Victorian dress, but it's the only kind of a dress the people have to give to *le grand saint*, and so they give it, knowing it's not so hot. Their virtue is in taking life for what it is, and in not trying to rush life along until it trips itself in a vast entanglement of projects, problems and programs. They have their boats for fishing, their church in every village, their family, and the beauty of the mountains and the sea is about them, and *c'est tout que est d'importance*.

◎

In my time over here I have seen not more than half a dozen touring cars. A Ford here, a Chevy there—all of the early '30's vintage. There are occasional gas stations with "Essence" written over the doorway, but they are only occasional. The speed of the motor car has not yet caught up with the people. Of course, in the midst of all these, are the Arabs, a sort of wandering, forgotten race of turban-covered men and be-veiled women and dirty little children, which seems to have no name or destiny except that of Mohammed and the barren mountain sides and desert. Most of them speak French, but a patois that is hard to understand. And most of them haven't had a bath since they were born. All over the country there are public washing places, long troughs of water to which the women bring their laundry. Sometimes there will be a hundred or more of these women washing clothes in the same trough. I have seen some of them, after doing the wash, put their feet into the water and give them a gingerly rubbing. Perhaps it is as close to a bath as they have ever come. At least they got their feet full of dust. Arabs do not wear shoes, you know. You can imagine the crustations that form on their extremities. On the highest point of the towering mountains they erect their mosques, and they are sightly to the eyes. In the place of the cross above the building there is the crescent, erected after

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the same manner as our own crosses. These mosques are small, and do not seem to be built for the purpose of holding services. You never see anybody entering or leaving them. They hold the relics of the good dead, face the East, and that's about all there is to it.

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The Arab religion is not difficult, except for this month, called Ramadan, which is a month of fasting, and does not end until tomorrow, the 1st of October. From dawn till dusk, during this month, the Arabs may not eat, work, smoke, or enjoy themselves in any way. When one of them slips and lights up a cigarette (given by an *Americaine soldat*) the little Arab bootblacks hit their boxes and make such a commotion that the culprit quickly gets out of there and into some back alley, of which there are many. Dusk is determined in a strange way. The Arabs carry with them a black and white thread, and when they cannot distinguish the one from the other, they know that the day is over, and they may eat and smoke. Then the rejoicing begins. They're a queer lot, from A to Z.

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I have been saying Mass in many and strange places, mostly outside, with the wind howling about me. One evening I was in Oran (which is a large and teeming city), about to say Mass for the men in an old garage. The Mass was scheduled for 6 p.m. It was 5:55. Suddenly a soldier rushed in and said: "Father, there's a church just across the street. Let's have Mass there." We looked out, and saw only a row of blank walls, not distinguished in any way, and certainly not having the demeanor or appearance of a church. We crossed the street and rang the bell. Who should appear but a nun, dressed in a habit which I had never as yet seen. I expressed the wish to say Mass. She kept saying: "*Demain? Parfait.*" I kept saying: "*Non, ma Soeur, ce soir, maintenant, a six heures, pour les Americains soldats.*" She went away and called the superior. Again I was questioned. "*Catholique, ne c'est pas?*" they asked. "*Oui,*" I answered. The proof that finally convinced them was the little host box that I had in my pocket, and which I took out to play with during our exchange. It was a small, round can, dispensed to priests going overseas by the Military Ordinariate in New York. It seems that another priest had said Mass in the convent some months before, and he had the same kind of container. They beamed, when they saw it, and forthwith led me into the chapel. It was large and beautiful. I was amazed. The soldiers were called, and I said Mass, the Sisters attending, and gliding into the Missa Recitata as soon as I began the prayers at the foot of the altar. Strangely enough, they told me afterwards that they have a house in San Antonio, and that their name is "*Soeurs de la Sainte Terese.*" I said: "*Oui, j'ai vu l'image de la Soeur Terese in la chapelle.*" They answered: "*Non, non. Nous sommes les Soeurs de la grand Soeur Terese.*" At any rate, it was quite an experience. It seems the place is given over to the work of providing a "pension," as they call it, for working girls. Whatever it is, it certainly does not look like a convent or a church for the outside."

Catholic Anecdotes



SELLER BEWARE

THE French sceptic, Voltaire, was one day dining with his friend and patron, the King of Prussia, and was indulging some of his caustic witticisms against religion, when suddenly one of the other guests, a stout burgomaster, could no longer restrain his indignation.

"As for me," Voltaire was saying, "I would sell my place in heaven for a Prussian thaler."

"Monsieur Voltaire," observed the burgomaster, "in Prussia we never buy costly goods without feeling sure of the owner's right to them. If you can prove your right to a place in heaven, I will buy it for the sum of ten thousand thalers."

GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE is an instinctive human feeling. A traveller in the far North writes that he came across a little Esquimo boy one day, and offered him a small pocket knife as a gift.

It was the first present the lad had ever received, and he stood amazed for a moment; then suddenly seized the knife and ran off.

The traveller did not expect to see the boy again, but later in the day the little Esquimo lad came running up to his tent with a piece of whale meat, which he held out with shining eyes, saying:

"Thou gavest; see, I give too."

AUDIENCE WITH KINGS

ONE morning while King Charles V of Spain was at prayer, some envoys from France arrived at his palace and urgently begged for an audience on some very important matters. But Charles sent back this message: "I myself am in audience; the

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gentlemen must wait."

The envoys waited; but after some time, they grew impatient, and again sent in a message to the King. Charles had not yet finished his prayer, and replied: "The gentlemen serve their king with great zeal, and I serve my King and my soul with no less zeal; therefore tell them that they must be patient a little longer."

LETTER FROM A CONVICT

THE *Notre Dame Bulletin*, the inspirational paper published at the University for students and others, recently printed the following letter, received from a convict. It is a life story in brief.

"Dear Father: I am now in complete charge of the Catholic Chaplain's department of this prison. I do appreciate the responsibilities and trust Father has placed in me. My work has been increased. Fourteen hours per day is a short one for me; my average totals sixteen working hours, and that isn't just for one week. It is rather a definite set-up.

"The Legion of Mary is making remarkable progress here. The population of the prison before Father O'Toole came here was 3,000. The weekly Mass attendance, and I am again wrong for Mass was said but twice per month before his arrival . . . anyway, the average bi-monthly Mass attendance was 20. Today, the population of the prison has been cut to less than one-half. Our WEEKLY MASS ATTENDANCE hits an average of 80. . . . There has been an increase of 300% in the Catechism class, and a 200% increase in the number of boys who receive Communion. At no time in the entire history of the institution has any Chaplain made such amazing progress. I say, 'amazing,' for the type of inmate we have left here is classified as the so-called 'hardened criminal.' I find them fairly good men.

"As matters stand, I have brought into our Church fifteen non-Catholics, and have brought back to the Church men who have been away for as high as 25 years. Of course, I could not do such things without the help of the Blessed Mother. . . ."

Pointed Paragraphs

Who Died in Vain

A particularly timely and practical form that devotion to the Poor Souls might take this November is that of remembrance of all the soldiers who died in the last World War.

They fought and died to make the world safe for democracy — but in that they failed. They died to end the threat of world-wide wars — but it took only twenty-five years for the world to become embroiled in mass murder again. They died for a losing cause.

But they did not die in vain, if the first world war became an occasion for their dying at peace with God. And neither did they die in vain if their prayers in heaven can be brought to bear upon the world that could not and cannot be saved by fighting alone.

Perhaps many of the victims of the first World War are still detained in Purgatory. Their bodies lie in long rows on the battlefields where they fell, and probably few of them are still remembered by loved ones or friends among the living. But if their souls are still waiting admission into heaven, they could without doubt be made powerful intercessors for those who are fighting again to end war today, if release could be obtained for them by sacrifice and prayer.

Let all who have fathers, sons, husbands, brothers or friends on the battlefronts of today's war, remember the dead of 1917-18. Say an indulged prayer for them now and then; remember them at Mass, and offer up the anxiety and loneliness of separation from loved ones as part of the atonement of these forgotten souls. Then they in turn will remember their benefactors in their newly won heaven by saving them from much of the grief and surely the failure of twenty-five years ago.

The New Spirit

The war seems to be having a special effect on bus and street-car conductors, of all people. Two stories have come to our attention in

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recent weeks, which, we think, will make you agree with us.

The first one comes out of England by way of the *Tablet*. It seems a friend of one of the editors boarded a bus in London and made motions to pay his fare. The conductor waved him away from the cash-box with these eloquent words:

"I don't want your money. I hate money. It's the root of all the evil and trouble in the world. Keep your horrible money."

The man took a free ride, marvelling over the new spirit of transportation companies.

The second incident happened to one of our own friends. He was boarding a streetcar in Chicago, and, being somewhat arthritic, had quite a time negotiating the steps. He was allowed to pay his fare, but then the conductor, a perfect stranger, barred his way into the body of the car.

"Arthritis, eh?" he said. "I know just what you need. Cured a friend of mine in no time at all. Now you just give me your name and address and I'll forward the prescription."

"Thanks, old man," said our friend, who had used about every prescription known to any doctor for arthritis, "but I haven't got a pencil."

"Oh that's all right," said the conductor, still barring the way. "I've got one. Now what is your name and address?"

Eager only to get off his feet and sit down, our friend gave the required information. Sure enough, a few days later he received the prescription, with a friendly letter from the conductor.

Who said war was an unmitigated evil?

Building the Future

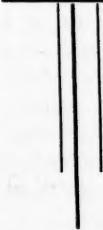
This year marks the twenty-fifth annual celebration of Book Week. Its purpose, we are told, is "to stimulate the reading of books among the young people, and to encourage book ownership and the building of home libraries." A very laudable purpose! The theme for this year is the slogan: "Build the future with books." Certainly a timely topic as we are all anxiously speculating on the nature of the post-war world.

Inevitably the question arises: what types of books will help build the future? The Book of the Month Club furnishes one answer in the poster it has sent to educational institutions. History,

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fiction, biography, science, poetry, arts, autobiography, drama, information, hobbies, letters, economics, politics, and technical training are the classes of books that will provide the material from which our world is to be constructed. What a betrayal of the trust of the young is such a list made by those who profess to be the guides of the young! Such a list does not contain all the necessary material from which the future is going to be fashioned. Something more basic, more solid is needed. The list does not tell the young how uncontrolled science has run wild in a mad race to invent instruments for the slaughter of human beings; that economics has reduced man to a mere cog in the wheel of production; that power politics have led to this present war; that biographies tend to foster the worship of power and success and not of moral worth. Books and books are offered, but the Book of books, the Bible, is not mentioned. Such a list gives the young no basic principles by which to judge the value of the inventions of science, the successes of politics, the masterpieces of art, and the progress of economics. Philosophy and Religion provide the basic principles that guide and control the other sciences. Philosophy tells us that science, politics, economics are for the welfare of man, and not man for their advancement. Religion gives the only sure check on the greed and lust of man that are at the bottom of all national and international unrest. Without the help of Philosophy and Religion the project of the Book of the Month Club is doomed to failure. The books that are recommended will only serve to construct a rosy future in the land of nowhere, and not in the land inhabited by men and women who need principles to guide their thoughts and actions, and religion to control their unruly passions.

To Our Shame



Recent statistics show that there are 296,998 Catholic Negroes in the United States, or 2.3 per cent of the total Negro population; only about 2 in every 100 Negroes are Catholic. This represents, however, a gain of 93,012 during the last 15 years. One out of every 6 persons in the United States is a Catholic, yet only one out of every 72 Catholics is a Negro. The Catholic colored population in the North has nearly doubled during the past 12 years, growing from 49,182 to 94,946. — *Our Colored Missions*.

— L I G U O R I A N A —

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

The Prayers of the Mass

FIFTH PART (Cont.)

From the Prayer "Libera nos" till
the Communion

Here the Church (*after the first of the three prayers preceding the Communion*) has introduced the custom that the faithful should give one another the kiss of peace,

to remind them
From: Short Explanation that their hearts
of the Prayers should be united
of Mass in charity. Before

giving the kiss of peace, the priest kisses the altar, to show that he can not give the peace unless he has first received it from Jesus Christ, who is represented by the altar.

In the second prayer, *Domine Jesu Christe, Fili Dei vivi*, (O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God), the priest asks Jesus Christ, by virtue of His adorable body and blood, to deliver him from all evils, and to keep him always united with Him.

In the third prayer he beseeches the Lord that this Communion may not turn to his condemnation, but may be for the salvation of his soul and body.—The Holy Eucharist protects the soul against temptations and passions; it extinguishes the fire of concupiscence that burns in our bodies, and is a powerful remedy against the death of the soul.

After these prayers the priest says, while invoking the name of the Lord, *Panem coelestem accipiam, et nomen Domini invocabo* (I will take the bread of heaven and call upon the name of the Lord). In order that the earthly food may be of benefit to us, we must eat it when we are hungry; in like manner, in order that Communion may produce in us much fruit, we should receive it with great desire to possess Jesus Christ and to love Him ardently. As John Gerson says, we ought, in the moment in which we are about to receive Jesus, invoke Him anew, in order to obtain the grace to receive Him with great profit to our souls.

Corpus (Sanguis) Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam meam in vitam aeternam (May the Body (Blood) of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul to life everlasting). While pronouncing these words the priest receives the body and the blood of Jesus Christ. This prayer recalls to our mind that this precious body and blood are given to us as a pledge of eternal life, and as a *viaticum* in order to pass from this exile to our heavenly country. Hence when we receive Communion we ought to be so disposed as if we had to leave the earth at once, to enter eternity.

SIXTH PART

Thanksgiving

Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi? (What shall I render to the Lord for all He hath rendered unto me?) The priest says, *for all, etc.*, because he who receives Jesus Christ in Communion receives all the gifts and all the goods that one can desire, according to the words of St. Paul: *How hath He not also, with Him, given us all things?* He says, *what shall I render?* because man is not capable of thanking God as he should thank Him. Jesus Christ only can worthily thank the Eternal Father for the gifts that He bestowed upon men. The priest therefore adds: *Calicem salutaris accipiam, et nomen Domini invocabo* (I will take the chalice of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord). He supplicates the Divine Redeemer to thank the heavenly Father for himself and for all men.

After having taken the precious blood he renews his thanks to God in the following words: *Quod ore sumpsimus, Domine, pura mente capiamus, et de munere temporali fiat nobis remedium sempiternum* (Grant, O Lord, that what we have taken with our mouth we may receive with a pure mind, that of a temporal gift it may become to us an eternal remedy). By this prayer the Church makes us ask God that, as our mouth has received this divine food and drink,

our hearts also may receive them, so that they may be for us an eternal remedy that may forever heal us of all our infirmities.

Finally the priest says, *Corpus tuum, Domine, quod sumpsi, et Sanguis quem potavi, adhaereat visceribus meis* (May Thy body, O Lord, which I have received, and the blood which I have drunk, cleave to my bowels). In this prayer, and in the last prayer called Post-communion, he asks, through the merits of Jesus Christ in this mystery, and through the intercession of the saint whose memory is celebrated, that this divine Saviour may always preserve him in this intimate union with Him, and that no stain may rest on his soul, which has been nourished by a sacrament so holy and so pure.

Ite, missa est (Go, the Mass is ended); or, *Benedicamus Domino* (Let us bless the Lord). It is with these words that the priest dismisses the people, just as if he said: The Sacrifice is accomplished; and those who are present while thanking God by the mouth of the server, say, *Deo Gratias* (Thanks be to God). "To give thanks to God," says St. Augustine, "is to acknowledge that all good things come from God, and to thank Him for them."

The priest afterwards passes to the right side of the altar, and recites the Gospel of St. John: *In principio erat Verbum* (In the beginning was the Word).



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

6 Joyce Kilmer

I. Life: Joyce Kilmer was born on December 6, 1886, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Columbia conferred on him the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He married Aline Murray who was also a poet and writer. A short trial convinced Joyce that he was not cut out for the prosaic life of a school teacher, so pen in hand he started for New York to win his way in the world. After a succession of jobs he finally became a book reviewer for the New York Times. The death of their infant daughter, Rose, led the Kilmers to take the final step into the Catholic Church. At the entrance of the United States into the World War, Kilmer enlisted in the army and was soon on his way to France. He never returned from a reconnaissance mission and was found the next day lying as if still scouting. On July 30, 1918, at the early age of 32, Joyce Kilmer passed to the eternal vision and enjoyment of the Maker of trees.

II. The Author: The most important fact about Kilmer is his remarkable Catholicity. In a letter to his wife he maintains that "the Faith should illumine everything they (Catholic authors) write, grave or gay." In another portion of the same letter he summarizes the spirit of his work: "I can honestly offer *Trees* and *Main Street* to our Lady and ask her to present them, as the faithful work of her poor unskilled craftsman, to her Son. I hope to be able to do it with everything I write hereafter, and to be able to do this is to be a great poet."

But do not think that this intensely Catholic spirit casts a pall of gloom over his work. He well knew how to wed "piety and mirth." In his essays and poems humor often sparkles, nor is there present the pompous solemnity of a man who takes himself too seriously.

III. The Book: After Kilmer's death his friend Robert C. Holliday collected his prose and poetic work in three volumes. The volume selected for brief comment here is the first one which includes a brief memoir by Holliday and Kilmer's complete poems.

Kilmer is the poet who saw the hidden meanings of ordinary things. *Trees* is a fine illustration of the type and spirit of his work. The poet who was capable of seeing the lesson taught by a *Tree*, also saw the hidden magic of a *Delicatessen Store*, the romantic errand of the *Twelve-Forty-Five*, and the secret love of the *Servant Girl for the Grocer's Boy*.

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Kilmer's war experiences produced several excellent poems. *Rouge Bouquet* commemorates the burial of many of his companions. *The Prayer of a Soldier in France* reveals the deep spirituality of a man who can measure his sufferings by the sufferings of Christ. The first two lines of this poem manifest the Catholic soul of Joyce Kilmer:

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

Rating of Best Sellers

I. Books that are recommended for family reading:

The American — Adams
The Ship — Forester
George Washington Carver — Holt
But Gentle Day — Nathan
Thunderhead — O'Hara
Daylight on Sunday — Priestly
The Free Man — Richter
Paris-Underground — Shiber
The Spanish Lady — Walsh
St. Teresa of Avila — Walsh
Challenge to Freedom — Wriston

II. Books that are recommended to adults only because of content and style or because of some immoral incidents which do not invalidate the books as a whole:

Under a Lucky Star — Andrews
Connecticut Yankee — Cross
Kaiser Wakes the Doctors — DeKruif
The Interpreter — Gibbs
Into the Valley — Hershey
American Heroes and Hero-Worship — Johnson
Crescent Carnival — Keyes
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo — Lawson
Beneath Another Sun — Lothar
Burma Surgeon — Seagrave
History of Bigotry in the United States — Myers
Preview to History — Swing
Centennial Summer — Idell
So Little Time — Marquand
O River, Remember — Ostenso
He Fell Down Dead — Perdue
C/O Postmaster — St. George
Katherine Christian — Walpole

III. Books that are not recommended to any class of reader:

The Wind that Swept Mexico — Brenner
The Turnbells — Caldwell
Hungry Hill — Du Maurier
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn — Smith
The Apostle — Asch
All Night Long — Caldwell
I Am Thinking of My Darling — McHugh
Big Rock Candy Mountain — Stegner
We Can Not Escape History — Whitaker
The Grand Design — Pilgrim
Starbuck — Selby
Retreat from Rostov — Hughes
The Senator's Last Night — Hackett

NOVEMBER BOOK REVIEWS

When Mrs. Chesterton gave Masie Ward her husband's letters and papers, she said: "I don't want the book to appear in a hurry: not at least for five years. There will be lots of books written about Gilbert; let them all come out first. I want your book to be the final and definitive biography."

Now seven years after Chesterton's death Masie Ward has published the final and definitive life of *Gilbert Keith Chesterton* (Sheed and Ward, 685 pp., \$4.50). Masie Ward was undoubtedly qualified to write the life of the immortal Chesterton. She joins to her personal friendship with the Chestertons an intimate knowledge of English Catholic life of the period. Mrs. Chesterton placed at her disposal letters, manuscripts, the memoirs of Chesterton and her own diary. Besides, the author had the advantage of personal interviews with the lifelong friends of Chesterton, with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, and with Hilaire Belloc, the other half of the legendary "Chesterbelloc."

The book presents a complete and unified picture of the diversified genius of Chesterton. From his youth to his death Chesterton always remained the man who was in love with and grateful for all the gifts of God. Chesterton was grateful for the greenness of the grass as well as for the tremendous fact of the Incarnation of the Son of God. Pen sketches are given of Chesterton the school boy who was profoundly uninterested in the prosaic school courses, but who, as chairman of the Junior Debating Club, led battles about Literature, Philosophy and Religion. The author furnishes excerpts from the unconventional love letters of Chesterton to his fiancée. In one of these letters Chesterton files an inventory of the goods he can offer to his future wife. An old straw hat, a walking stick, a pocket knife, a box of matches, a tennis racket and finally a loving heart go to make up the list.

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

Chesterton's replies to his fiancée's efforts to tidy up his appearance provide some of the most humorous parts of the biography.

Masie Ward also traces the development of his thought that eventually led him into the Catholic Church. Interesting and illuminating sidelights on his books furnish great help in the appreciation and interpretation of Chesterton's works. The story of his great friendships with men and women of all classes and creeds is told in these pages. The mutual influence of Chesterton and Belloc on each other's thought and activity is clearly outlined. But there is no need to continue to enumerate all the sparkling events of the book. Suffice it to say that G. K. Chesterton lives again in the pages of Masie Ward's classic life. All fervent Chestertonians will devour this book. Non-Chestertonians will be pleased to make the acquaintance of the modern Doctor Johnson.

Catholic Humor Paul J. Phelan furnishes us a treasury of humor by Catholic writers in his recently published *With a Merry Heart* (Longmans, 353 pp., \$3.25). In a short preface Mr. Phelan rises to the defense of the noble art of humor. It seems that the author received the following reply from one of the writers whom he approached about the book: "A very fine idea. But since when have college professors been interested in so inconsequential a thing as humor?" Mr. Phelan protests that a type of literature that engaged the talents of a Homer, a Horace, a Chaucer, and a Shakespeare could not be inconsequential. Aroused by this remark, the author goes on to analyze the meaning of humor and to justify a collection of Catholic humor. A Catholic is in a position to have a better sense of humor than one who is not blessed with the insight and assurance that the Faith gives.

But all this may sound like a very dry inquisition into the anatomy of

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humor. No, these introductory words of the book are but a stimulating preface to a choice collection of wit and humor. To enumerate a list of contributors would be to name all the prominent figures in the Catholic literary world. Belloc, Chesterton, Baring, Harris, Feeney, Knox, Sheehan, Sheen, are some of the names that catch the eye. It is difficult to single out any one of the numerous short stories, poems, essays, letters, plays and anecdotes that compose the collection. Priests and seminarians who are weary with the long discussion about Thomism and Molinism will welcome Father Gaynor's poem: *The Last Shindig De Auxillis*. This masterpiece sings of the time in which the "stout Dominicans and the scrawny Jesuits" met to settle once and for all their controversy. The perplexed St. Patrick's day orator will find some help in Msgr. Sheen's *The Origin of Blarney*. Every one will enjoy *The Culinary Expert Takes the Stand*, a dialogue of the appropriate clichés about eating.

The selection is well made and will bring enjoyment and a desire to read more to all who read. A short biographical comment outlines some pertinent material about the author and his writings.

For the Young Within the last few years the priest has been receiving a great deal of help in the preparation of his sermons to children. The priest realizes that he must come down to the level of the children, think their thoughts, feel their emotions, and talk their language, but he is often afraid to make the attempt. The years of his own youth are behind him and he fears that he has not the right "touch." The result of this diffidence often is that the sermon at the Children's Mass is merely a shortened form of the adult sermon.

Father Thomas J. Hosty has given valuable help to the perplexed priest in his book: *Small Talk for Small People* (Bruce, 136 pp., \$1.75) Father Hosty has the right "touch." He knows boys and girls and talks their language. Spiritual truths are brought down to their level. The message is driven home by a story or a well chosen illustration. The problems treated are those of the young. He talks about the movies, radio programs, beauty contests, comics, the Good Humor

ice cream man, skating, boxing and other facts that hold the interest of the children. The reviewer has already used the basic ideas from one of these sermons and has found that the children are interested in the material furnished by Father Hosty. Priests will find these little talks of great service to them in the preparation of special sermons for the children's Mass. These sermons will take their place next to Father Brennan's books on the shelves of many priests. May other priests be inspired to publish the talks they have given to children. There is one priest who instructed hundreds of children with the thrilling tale of "Raggedy Jim." Perhaps the publication of Father Hosty's book will urge him to publish his "catechetical comics."

Father Herbst has edited another collection of brief biographies of boys and girls in the recently published: *Real Life Stories* (St. Nazianz, 168 pp., \$1.50). These stories of modern boys and girls are written by those who knew them, sometimes by relatives, more often by the school Sister. The stories are edifying and will help many a teacher to enliven the dead spots of a catechism class in the younger grades. In some instances the style is too sugary and sentimental for older children.

Pamphlets From the busy presses of *Our Sunday Visitor* come three little pamphlets of popular apologetics. All three sell for 10 cents a copy or for \$3.00 a hundred. Ruth de Menezes explains the story of her conversion in *A Catholic Daughter to her Protestant Mother*. The author tries to explain away the prejudiced conception that Protestants have of the Catholic Church. Father Nicholas Schneider, C.P., asks non-Catholics to learn about the church from her children and not from her enemies. The author draws on his missionary experience in China to illustrate misunderstood points of Catholic doctrine and practice in his pamphlet: *Let's Be Fair*. Katherine Huber's work in the Legion of Mary convinced her of the need of a popular explanation of Catholic doctrine. In *These Unreasonable Catholics* Miss Huber writes short explanations of truths that are attacked and slighted by misinformed non-Catholics.

Lucid Intervals

A company of footsore soldiers, dusty and tired, who had marched all day, were drawing near a Western town. A ranchman approached on horseback. "How far are we from Springtown?" called out the sergeant. "Oh, about two miles," was the reply. On they marched for another hour. They asked another ranchman how far they were from town. "Oh, about two miles." After another period of weary marching a third ranchman gave them the same reply: About two miles.

"Thank God we're holding our own anyway," — exclaimed the sergeant.

*

"Can you operate a typewriter?"
"Yes, sir, I use the Biblical system."
"I never heard of it."
"Seek and ye shall find."

*

A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked:

"Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that —"

The lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

*

Little Willie, on his bike,
Through the village took a hike.
Mrs. Thompson blocked the walk;
She will live, but still can't talk.

*

Teacher: "Now that we have finished the subject of sentences, give me an example of the three kinds of sentences."

Pupil: "Tom is sick"
"Is Tom sick"
"Sick em Tom."

*

Rastus: "Say, boy, can you tell me de time it is?"

Sambo: "I don' know zactly, but it ain't fo' 'clock yet cause I got to be at work by fo' and I ain't dere yet."

*

A political speaker, warning the public against the imposition of heavier tariffs on imports said, "If you don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, you'll pump it dry."

She was in Alaska looking over a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver specimen, she asked her guide, "Just how many times can the fox be skinned for his fur?"

"Three times, madam," said the guide gravely. "Any more than that would spoil his temper."

*

Her eyes are soft and limpid
As the blue Italian lakes
And on their sandy bottoms
Belong the cakes she bakes.

*

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"

*

Here's to Woman: The fair magician who can turn man into a donkey and make him think he's a lion.

*

Two Irishmen met once, and referred to the illness of a third.

"Poor Michael Hogan! Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die," said one.
"And why would he die?" asked the other.

"Oh, he's got so thin! You're thin enough, and I'm thin—but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together."

*

Mary had a little lamb,
A little pork, a little jam,
A little egg on toast,
A little potted roast,
A little stew with dumpling white,
A little shad,
For Mary had
A little appetite.

*

Frosh One: "I hear you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish."

Frosh Two: "I didn't call him a fish. I just said, 'That's our dean,' real fast."

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

| | | |
|---|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Aerial Gunner | Frontier Fury | Passport to Suez |
| Air Raid Wardens, The | Fugitive from Sonora | Perpetual Sacrifice, The |
| Alaska Highway | Fugitive of the Plains | Pilot No. 5 |
| Always a Bridesmaid | Gentle Gangster, A | Power of the Press |
| Amar'ng Mrs. Holliday, The | Get Going | Prairie Chickens |
| Arizona Stagecoach | Ghost and the Guest, The | Purple V, The |
| Assignment in Brittany | Ghosts on the Loose | Reveille with Beverly |
| At Dawn We Die | Ghost Rider | Riders of the Rio Grande |
| Background to Danger | Gildersleeve's Bad Day | Robin Hood of the Range |
| Black Market Rustlers | Girl Crazy | Saddles and Sagebrush |
| Billy the Kid in the Ransage | Glory of Faith, The (French) | Saint Meets the Tiger, The |
| Black Hills Express | Golgotha | Salute to the Marines |
| Black Raven, The | Good Fellows, The | Santa Fe Scouts |
| Blazing Frontier | Good Luck, Mr. Yeats | Shantytown |
| Blocked Trail, The | Guadalajara (Mexican) | Silver Spurs |
| Bombardier | Hail to the Rangers | Sky's the Limit, The |
| Bombers Moon | Harrigan's Kid | Sleepy Lagoon |
| Border Buckaroo | Headin' for God's Country | Small Town Deb |
| Border Patrol | Henry Aldrich Swings It | So This Is Washington |
| Bordertown Gunfighters | Hers to Hold | Somewhere in France |
| Buckskin Frontier | High Explosive | Song of Texas |
| Calaboose | Hit the Ice | Spitfire |
| Calling Wild Bill Elliott | Hoosier Holiday | Squadron Leader X |
| Carson City Cyclone | How's About It? | Story of the Vatican, The |
| Cattle Stampede | Human Comedy, The | Stranger from Pecos |
| Chatterbox | It's a Great Life | Stranger in Town |
| Cinderella Swings It | Johnny Doughboy | Strictly in the Groove |
| Clancy Street Boys | Kansas, The | Swing Your Partner |
| Coastal Command | Keep 'Em Slugging | Tennessee Johnson |
| Colt Comrades | King of the Cowboys | They Came to Blow Up America |
| Cowboy Commandos | King of the Stallions | This Is the Army |
| Cowboy in Manhattan | Land of Hunted Men | Thumbs Up |
| Croo en Dios (I Believe in God) (Mexican) | Law of the Northwest | Tiger Fangs |
| Crime Doctor | Law of the Saddle | Trail of Terror |
| Crime Smasher | Law Rides Again, The | Trail Riders |
| Days of Old Cheyenne | Leather Burners, The | True to Life |
| Death Rides the Plains | Little Flower of Jesus | Two Tickets to London |
| Death Valley Manhunt | Man from Thunder River | Two Weeks to Live |
| Desert Victory | Man Trap, The | Victory Through Air Power |
| Desperadoes, The | Melody Parade | Virgin of Guadalupe, The |
| Destroyer | Monastery | West of Texas |
| Dikie Dugan | Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch | Western Cyclone |
| Eternal Gift, The | My Friend Flicka | We Are the Marines |
| Falcon in Danger, The | Mysterious Doctor, The | We've Never Been Licked |
| False Faces | Night Plane from Chungking | What's Buzzin' Cousin? |
| Fighting Buckaroo | No Place for a Lady | Wild Horse Stampede |
| Fighting Valley | Nobody's Darling | Winter Time |
| Forever and a Day | Our Lady of Paris | Wolves of the Escape |
| Frontier Bad Men | Outlaws of Stampede Pass | Yanks Ahoy |
| | | Youngest Profession, The |